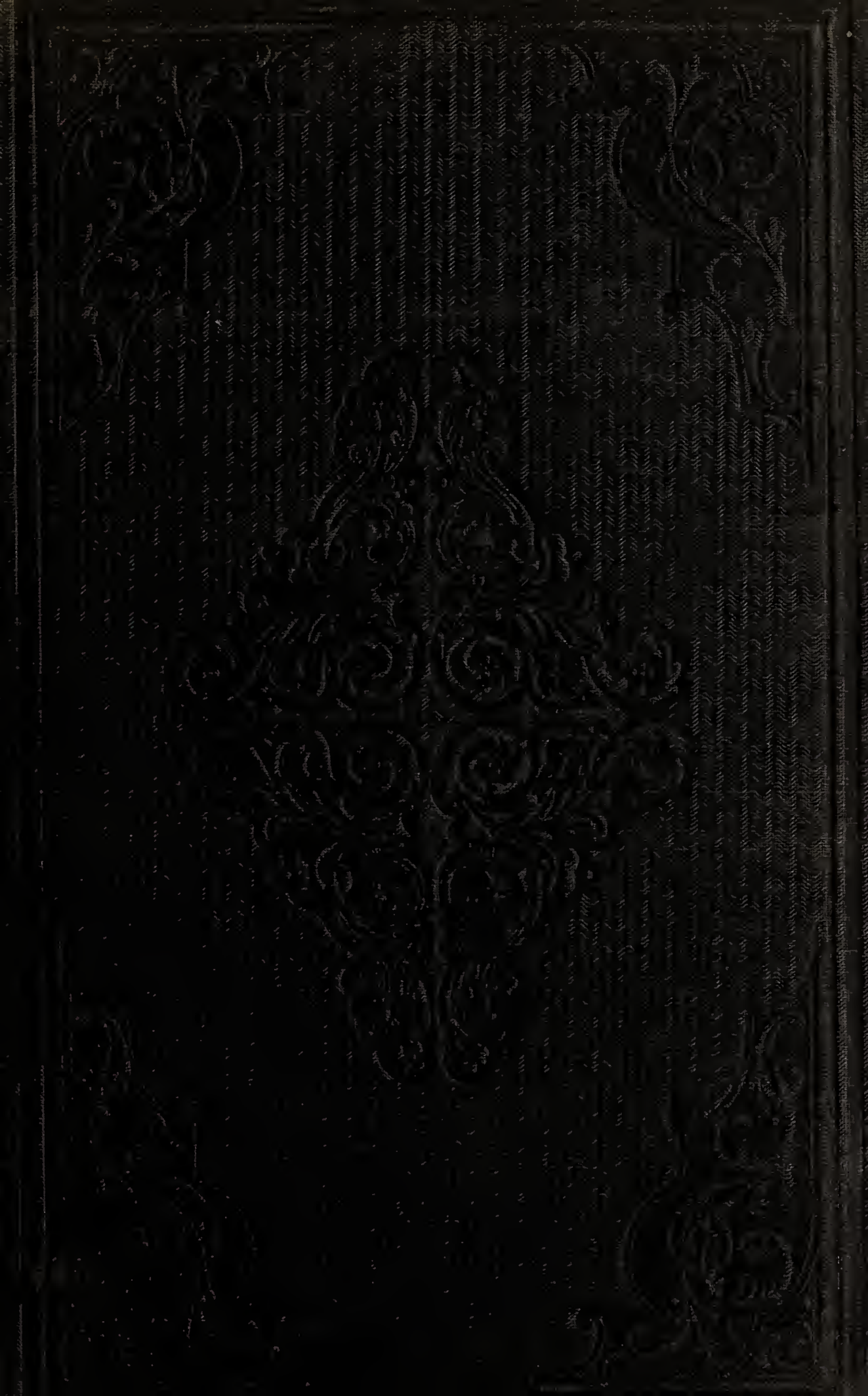

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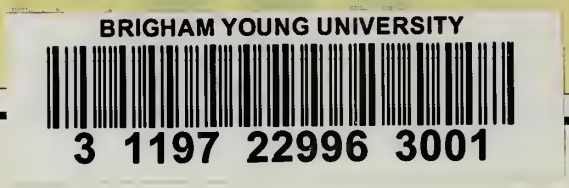

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM COOKWORTHY,

FORMERLY OF

PLYMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE.

In him I've seen,—what joy to see!
In divinest union blended,
An infant child's simplicity,
By a Sage's strength attended.—*Byron.*

BY HIS GRANDSON.

LONDON:
WILLIAM AND FREDERICK G. CASH,
5, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT.
EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES.
DUBLIN: J. M'GLASHAN—J. B. GILPIN.

1854.

LONDON : PRINTED FOR W. AND F. G. CASH, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT.

UPB

TO

WILLIAM COOKWORTHY'S DESCENDANTS,

EDWARD HARRISON & EDWARD THEODORE COMPTON,

THIS MEMOIR,

IN TESTIMONY OF GREATNESS OF SOUL, CULTIVATION OF MIND,

AND ABLE DISCHARGE OF THE DUTIES OF A LONG LIFE,

HAVING BEEN COMBINED IN A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,

IN A MANNER NEVER SURPASSED,

EITHER WITHIN, OR BEYOND, THE LIMITS OF THAT SOCIETY,

IS

DEDICATED, WITH PARENTAL LOVE,

BY

THE GRANDSON.

Not having been born till nearly ten years after my grandfather's death, I think it right to state that the unwritten information, in the following Memoir, has been gathered from my father, mother, and others who knew him personally. G. H.

N.B. The blank at p. 53, occurs in G. H.'s copy of his grandfather's letter on Sea-water distillation.

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM COOKWORTHY.

ERRATA.

Page 23. After "W. C.," *for* Maunds, *read* Mannas.
„ 38. Line 4 from the bottom, after sister, ins comma.
„ 53. „ 1, dele the comma between 12 and spoonfuls.
„ 99. „ 10, *for* paasages, *read* passages.
„ 102. „ 12, *for* instructive, *read* instinctive.
„ 120. „ 11, insert a comma before, and another after move.
„ 130. „ 18, *for* justice, *read* injustice.

1. William, who married Sarah Berry.
2. Sarah, who married — Philips.
3. Jacob, who married ——
4. Susanna, who married — Debell.
5. Philip, who married Rachel Morris.
6. Mary, who died unmarried.
7. Benjamin, who married S. Collier.

The father was a weaver and an industrious man, but left a slender provision for his family, when he died on the 22nd of December 1718. On that event, his widow, with the help of her daughters, as they became old enough, betook herself to dress-making for a maintenance; and, in the following spring, my

father's letter on Sea-water distillation.

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM COOKWORTHY.

CHAPTER I.

William Cookworthy was born at Kingsbridge, Devonshire, on the 12th of April, 1705. He was the son of William and Edith Cookworthy, of that town, members of the Religious Society of Friends. They had seven children, viz.:—

1. William, who married Sarah Berry.
2. Sarah, who married — Philips.
3. Jacob, who married ——
4. Susanna, who married — Debell.
5. Philip, who married Rachel Morris.
6. Mary, who died unmarried.
7. Benjamin, who married S. Collier.

The father was a weaver and an industrious man, but left a slender provision for his family, when he died on the 22nd of December 1718. On that event, his widow, with the help of her daughters, as they became old enough, betook herself to dress-making for a maintenance; and, in the following spring, my

grandfather, at the age of fourteen, was bound an apprentice to a chemist and druggist in London. His means, however, were so scanty, that he made his way to the metropolis on foot. He had only a camlet coat for Sunday wear; and, as a poor apprentice-boy, was little noticed, except in being occasionally invited to the house of a distant relation. Yet was his heart preserved in thankfulness, having early received religious impressions from his excellent mother; a woman, whose tenderness of spirit and sincere, unostentatious piety commanded, not merely the respect of her neighbours of fortune and influence, but their cordial aid in her zealous efforts to help the needy. Her known benevolence was so judiciously exerted, that, after she had come to live under my grandfather's roof in Nut Street, Plymouth, the Commissioner of the Dockyard was always ready to do any kind act, consistent with his official duty, to gratify "Mrs. Cookworthy." She was said to have had more influence with him, than the rich and powerful had.

On recurring, in later years, to this early period of my grandfather's separation from his family, and contrasting the comforts which he then enjoyed, with the solitude and privations of his apprenticeship, his heart would be repeatedly melted with tenderness and gratitude for the overruling care of Him who is the Father of the fatherless. Upon such occasions, he was wont, with overflowing heart, to exclaim, like the Patriarch Jacob, "The Lord! which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and

I will deal well with thee; I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for, with my staff, I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

In the interval between the termination of his apprenticeship and his entrance on the duties of married life, he established himself in business, with the help of the London house of Bevans, where he had served his apprenticeship, as Wholesale Chemist and Druggist in Nut Street, under the firm of "Bevans and Cookworthy;" and he continued, as he had begun, to avail himself of every opportunity for enriching his mind with the stores of science and polite literature; for both of which, he had a keen relish and a well-adapted capacity. So qualified, he found his company eagerly sought in the most accomplished society: and it is probable, that the manners of the refined gentleman, thus acquired, tended, in no inconsiderable degree, to render his subsequent religious exertions more generally acceptable, and more extensively useful. He was well acquainted with, and was, himself, one of the lettered men of the day at Plymouth. Northcote, a bookseller, father of the painter; the celebrated Dr. Huxham; Dr. Mudge, father of the late Colonel Mudge, famed for his accurate Trigonometrical Survey; and others of the like caste, constituted a society whose intercourse was, doubtless, a highly intellectual treat.

From my grandfather's familiarity with Latin and French, his house became the principal resort of

foreigners passing through Plymouth; and their society, no doubt, improved his skill in those languages, as he could converse fluently in either. Several of them, from the more eastern parts of Europe, were found to prefer the Latin in conversation: but out of the whole number, one of them, who was a Dane, was, in my grandfather's estimation, the master in the use of elegant Latin.

Towards the age of thirty, my grandfather's mind took a turn so strong to a serious consideration of the religious principles and practices of the Society in which he had been born and bred, that he, for some time, devoted himself to the subject, then engrossing his whole attention.

After a while, a visible alteration in his appearance was manifest. His dress had, previously, been somewhat smart. But he then became changed, in appearance and manner, to that of a plain Quaker. Still his character maintained its lofty fearlessness and courteous integrity. He met his old acquaintance as usual; and again resorted to that little knot of literary friends, with whom he had, before, associated. Upon his first entrance, he saw that his altered appearance and new mode of address raised a smile on their countenances;—when, instead of shrinking from observation, he boldly challenged them; requesting, they would candidly say, whether, when the first ceremonials of entrance were over, they did not feel pleasure in being again seated. They, all, acknowledged the justice of his appeal, and confessed that good sense was on his side.

In 1735, he was married, to his heart's content, to Sarah Berry, the youngest of a large and respectable Somersetshire family, of his own religious persuasion. She was a woman of refined mind and manners, and, in every sense, worthy of such a man. His connexion with her originated, as may readily be supposed, in the only legitimate source of union. That his heart was devoted to her, was well known to those who had an opportunity of witnessing their attachment. Fond as he was of female society, and caressed by the ladies, no less than by the gentlemen, he gave a rare and signal proof of the deep and lasting impression which she had made on his mind, and of the tender constancy with which he cherished her memory, when death had parted them after an union of ten years, by continuing a widower till his death; a period of thirty-five years.

A letter is said to have been written by one of his wife's relations, complaining of his want of liberality in pecuniary matters, on the occasion of his marriage. But he was never a rich man. At that time, he was but a junior partner in business, and had his fortune to make; and he invariably despised money, except for the use to be made of it. The probability is, that he felt his attachment of a nature too ardent and exalted, to admit of money being made a question of discussion on such an occasion. On a like occasion, the marriage of my mother, he spurned the notion of having any part of her portion settled.

He had always a quick sense of his wife's value. One of her married sisters having told him, with more

boasting than politeness, that, of all the sisters, she herself had the best husband; "But," said he with a smile, "I know which of the husbands has the best wife."

The issue of the marriage were five daughters, viz.

1. Lydia, born in 1736 . . . . died unmarried, 14 March 1791.
2. Sarah, born in 1738; married Francis Fox, in 1760; died January 1814.
3. Mary, born in 1740; married Benjamin Hobson . died in 1809.
4. Elizabeth, born { 16 March, 1743, O. S. / 27 March, 1744, N. S. } . . . . . died in 1747.
5. Susanna, born { 16 March, 1743, O. S. / 27 March, 1744, N. S. } married George Harrison, December, 1777; died, June 1810.

But my grandfather's large heart had room in it, for cherishing the welfare of others, besides those immediately dependent on him. His brother Philip had, at the age of twelve years, been sent as a cabin boy in a Dartmouth vessel trading to Newfoundland, where he suffered much from cold. In the course of a sea-faring life, he had risen to be the mate of an East Indiaman; and upon his departure on a voyage to China, my grandfather wrote him an elder brother's letter, couched in the tender terms of a watchful parent.

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni;
Illum aget pennâ, metuente solvi,
Fama superstes.*

---

* With never failing wing shall Fame
To latest ages bear the name
Of Proculeius, who could prove
A father, in a brother's love.—*Francis.*

TO HIS BROTHER PHILIP COOKWORTHY

2nd Mo., 24th, 1740.

Thou art now, my dear Phil, about to leave thy country and relations for some time, and thy interest must be entirely under the regulation of Providence and thy own conduct. I have no suspicion, but thou wilt manage thy worldly affairs with prudence and circumspection. Yet, even in regard to them, don't think this sufficient, as all events, and the most minute circumstances and relation of things are under the direction of the Author of Nature. That human wisdom is the greatest folly, which sets out on its own bottom, and has no reliance but on itself. Let, therefore, the fear of God be the ground and centre of all thy conduct; and square all thy measures and pursuits, agreeably to that principle of Eternal Truth within thy own heart, which leads to this beginning and perfection of Wisdom. If thou, thus, honestly endeavour to make the God of all the World thy friend, however His Providence may see meet to dispose of thee, it is certain, thou wilt be favoured with His blessing, that alone maketh rich and adds no sorrow with it. Without this, everything the World can give is precarious, empty, and unsatisfactory; and where the mind has this inward support, it smiles at the severest occurrences in this life. To be constantly, and on all occasions, in this happy state of mind, is the utmost ambition of the wise and

good ;—but, alas ! their wishes merely won't attain it. It's in consequence of hard labour and constant attention, that this greatness of mind, this brave dependence on God only, is attained. But, then, every inch of ground that we conquer in this invisible country, is worth to us all the mines of Mexico and Peru and the jewels of India. For, as far as we drop a vice or folly, we so far find our real selves and the enjoyment of them. Vices and follies are owing to an over-fondness for something external. So far therefore, as we withdraw our dependence for happiness from the fashions, advantages, honours, and pleasures that this world tempts us with, just so far we have advanced in the true path that leads to happiness.

I don't write this, as a thing of course, or without particular aim ;—as people send the customary compliments of congratulation or condolence on a marriage or a death. I know, thou art capable of serious thinking, and drawing advantage from it. Cultivate, therefore, the noble part of thee. Let nothing make thee act below the dignity, with which thy Creator has invested thee. Consider thyself always, as being destined to immortal and rational happiness : and that God himself is not only present with thee as the support of thy being, but that he is also present in the depth of thy heart, by his word and wisdom, to direct thee to happiness and perfection.

Reverence the Divinity within thee, in the least, as well as the greatest things. Thy natural sense of decency will guard thee from crimes and basenesses,

and make thee what the World calls a clever, smart man. But, if thy ambition carries thee no higher than this, thy views are full as low as his, who should give the whole endeavour of his life, to be the most perfect in leaping through a hoop.

As I have mentioned obedience to conscience in little things, give me leave to say, that I am verily persuaded, that thy danger will be chiefly from what are esteemed so. Providence having placed thee among a parcel of gay, young people, I am jealous lest they should seduce and draw thee from that character which can, alone, become thee, to be like themselves. Guard, therefore, against the easy, companionable spirit that leads thee from thyself, and loses thee among vanities and wrong satisfactions. Be strong and play the man. Let Reason, and a calm sense of what is right, alone determine thy friendships compliances and pleasures; and never fear any odd consequences: for, as wisdom is honoured of her children, so she never fails to return that honour double on their heads.

May the God, whose creature thou art, and whose Eye is over thee for good, direct thy goings! May his Good Spirit in thy heart gently lead thee into the love of all that is excellent and truly advantageous! And, if it seems meet to his unerring wisdom, may his good Providence render thy voyage prosperous, and restore thee again to thy relations; and may we all live in a grateful sense of our obligation to Him, —who has promised and fulfilled that He will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow!

In a feeling sense of his Eternal Love, I tenderly salute thee, and remain

Thy affectionate brother

W. Cookworthy.

Such was the matured wisdom of a man, who had only just completed his thirty-fifth year.

Several letters now follow to a correspondent in business, whom he was in the habit of supplying with drugs. They will show that commercial intercourse did not confine his thoughts to the shop.

In the first letter, he gives his opinion on a female who, at that time, was making considerable stir as a minister in the Society of Friends. This was May Drummond, a woman of family, who had joined the Society by convincement. She was noted for her eloquence, talents and agreeable manners, and became a popular preacher. But, after some time, she gave way to practices, of which the seeds had been sown in her former fashionable life, and which were, probably, nurtured by ill-judged caresses, too often lavished on favourite preachers. The result was, that she lost her exalted station.

TO RICHARD HINGSTON, SURGEON, PENRYN.

Plymouth, Aug. 1st, 1744.

Dear Richard,

I delayed my answer to thine of the 23rd Ultimo, till I had seen and heard May Drummond,

that I might give thee my full thoughts of her, which I am now prepared for; having heard her several times at Kingsbridge and Plymouth, and having, besides, made occasions to be pretty much in her company, which may enable me to judge of her in her private capacity as a woman, as well as in her public one of a Preacher.

She appears, then, to me, as one of a surprising genius; her apprehension being quick, lively, penetrating, and distinct to great nicety. Not the smallest relations escape her; nor is she less exact in determining their weight and proportion;—a great connoisseur of the human heart in all its emotions, passions, and foibles:—her own, open, generous, tender and humane; and, as it apparently accompanies her understanding, it makes her conversation an exact harmony of the powers of thought and sentiment in the utmost propriety of subordination.

I had forgotten her person, which seems contrived to enforce and embellish Truth, not excite desire; her face and gesture conveying to the mind, by the eye, all those fine turns of thought, which are too delicate for the expression of language.

This, to me, appears to be her true character in private life. To this account, add her principles, and thou wilt have near a complete idea of her as a preacher. By mistake, I said, principles; for, by her own account, she owns but this one: That God is the fountain of all light, knowledge, information and influence; and that, in proportion as this principle is believed in, attended and adhered to, in the various

economy of human thoughts and actions, mankind become happy. This principle she describes as our Friends have constantly done; but carries her observation on it farther than usual, by tracing it down to the minutiæ of conduct, in every instance of action in which we are interested; which, she asserts to be in all, none being to be held indifferent; being of opinion with Dr. Young, in the "Universal Passion,"

> That nought's a trifle;
> Drops make the ocean; moments make the year;
> And trifles, life.

In consequence of this doctrine, she makes inward silence and attention of absolute necessity; carrying it, in speculation, to as great a length as the Mystics, and, in practice, like some of our North country Friends. She dares determine nothing about the disposing of herself, (—in her journey, for instance) without this internal influence.

Having said so much in her favour; that thou may'st see I am not quite blinded by a fond regard, I shall, with much openness, tell thee what I seem to see amiss in her. In her private character, nothing. As a preacher, her style is rather too learned; and some of her epithets rather swell too much. There is something too, in the management and tone of her voice, when she exerts it, a little theatrical. She resembles Milton, in being too free with technical words. But I really believe all this to be owing to her education, and not to any affectation or want of simplicity. And now, having given thee a pretty full

account, of her, I shall only add, that with all this, she has a perfect acquaintance with the World, being, what is called, thorough well-bred.

I have already written a long letter. But, to let thee see, I intend, for the future, to be consistent with my last promises, I shall lengthen this, by adding to it some of my thoughts on her principles; for, though thy own reflection may make this needless, yet,

> Disce docendus adhuc quæ censet amiculus, ut si
> Cæcus iter monstrare velit.*

Our Friends, all along, seem to me, in their writings, to make the Divine Spirit the Author of religious knowledge only, and suppose the natural spirit of man the instrument by which temporal truths are discoverable. But Virtue and Piety being practical things and to be exerted in the course of our actions, the knowledge of time and place, proper objects and occasions, the natural methods of relief and assistance, and all the other particularities necessary to the actual exercise of Religion and Virtue are connected with them, as all means are with their ends. And, at first sight, it appears that we might expect direction in both, from the same principle of information; and, in fact, we hear the inward voice whispering to us in smaller, as well as the greatest, instances of importance.

---

* Yet to th' instruction of an humble friend,
Who would, himself, be better taught, attend,
Though blind your guide.—*Francis.*

The Spirit of Truth walks in a larger circle, and exerts itself in a scene more extended, than the Commandments to Moses. As it leads into all Truth, it does not only discover Sin, but every occasion that leads into it. It will not only teach us wisdom at large, but discover exactly where it lies, in the nicest instances of conduct, if we listen to it. It does not only direct us to be kind and charitable, but the best methods of being so, if we seek its direction. Hence, the absolute necessity of believing and depending on it. For should we take it for less than it is, the Voice of God, and deprive it of the force of that infinite sanction by which it overcomes the world, the world would be too hard for it. All our faculties of enjoyment seem to have been framed for the reception of an infinite object, no other being equal to their capacity: and yet, without great care, all temporary ones, that strike by their false glare on the imagination, will, by its delusive force, be blown up to this enormous size;—to this delusion we are very propense; sensible pleasure naturally lying the nearest our affections. Hence, inordinate desires, mistaken calculations of happiness, error, disappointment, remorse, confusion, misery. On the other hand, suppose every truth duly supported in our minds by this Divine Faith, what moral beauty, what order, what happiness, must be the consequence! in short, the perfection of all these!

Objections there are to this doctrine, which, by turning it over in my mind, have occurred to me; but, by pursuing them, they have turned out so many

arguments in its support. It may be said, that if all truth is from God, and, in order that it may have its complete influence, 'tis necessary we should believe, it is so, how happens it, that, in truths relating to conduct and management in this world, some people, without this persuasion, seem to do pretty well? which is the most that can be said;—not entirely so; for that is only the case, when, in all parts of our conduct, we act under the full influence of religion. But that mankind do make a poor shift, without this, to scramble out barely a tolerable existence here, is owing to Experience, which makes us feel the inconvenience of folly and misconduct, and, in a way merely animal, puts us on shifting our postures to avoid it. And to this, 'tis partly owing, as I take it, that one sees more of order than religion in the world.

But then, from this account, appears the absolute necessity of faith in this principle discovering truths relating to Eternity; since here we have no experience to rectify or remedy error. In future relations, an entire Faith* is all we have to throw in the scale to counterpoise the weight our corruption has given to vanity and nothing.

Thus, my dear friend, I have, with the greatest openness, given thee my opinion of our Friend, and the principle she professes. She is a strange phe-

* Faith, Hope and Love were question'd what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught.
Now Faith believ'd it firmly, to be true;
And Hope expected so to find it too.
Love answer'd, smiling with a conscious glow,
Believe! expect! I know it to be so.—*Byrom.*

nomenon. Our young folks take a particular liking to her. We expect, she will leave Plymouth for Cornwall next 2nd. day, in company with ——; and from him, thou may'st hear when to expect her at Falmouth.

I remain &c.,
W. C.

Being of an ardent temperament, he was not a man likely to witness the strenuous efforts of John Wesley and his followers to multiply adherents in the Western counties, without putting his friends on their guard against, what he considered, pretensions not well founded. He comments, accordingly, in the following effusion; which is, at the same time, no less characteristic of the man's unwearied and judicious endeavours to reclaim the fallen.

TO RICHARD HINGSTON, SURGEON, IN PENRYN, CORNWALL.

Plymouth, Decr. 24th 1744.

Dear Richard,

I duly received thine of the 10th Current, which I have determined to answer almost every post since. But one thing, or other, has prevented me. Thy account of the Methodists is so exactly my own way of thinking about them, that all further remarks on it would be to no purpose. The poor people here are in a sad confused state. I hear a great deal about them from Amos, who hath been a great admirer and

follower of their preachers; but who, if he is honest to the discoveries of Truth, he hath had manifested to him, is in a dispensation greatly superior to theirs. He hath had many disputes with them on the Divinity of The Light of Christ, as a discoverer and reprover of evil; which they deny, and call it natural. By what I can find, he has stirred their lees soundly; so that one of them, in a Muggletonian way, declared, that if he was just then to die, he would go to hell. In the meanwhile, I am persuaded, he will be of use among them; as I find, the workings in his mind have made a visible alteration for the better in his own conduct.

I am waiting, in hopes of seeing Edward Tyler and his friend, before I set out for the West. I should be very glad to see them. But, if they don't come along this week, I shall be disappointed.

The Methodists, who have been apprised of their coming, intend, one and all, to go hear them. They say, that Edward Masey is one of Wesley's Methodists; and so, 'tis no wonder, he should turn Quaker, as Wesley's principles lead to it;—but the Whitfieldites are quite secure. However, 'tis possible, they may be happily mistaken; for, strong as they imagine themselves, their fortifications are mere rubbish; and I trust that some of them have a secret mine in their hearts, which, by being touch'd by a live coal from the Altar, either by the immediate hand of the Almighty, or by his servants, may ruin the Babel in them.

Johnny Fox, who has a very mean opinion of Pen-

dar, as a sad, narrow-spirited creature, tells me, that he apprehends the great stir, made against his conduct to the prisoners, was owing to some practices of Pye and others of the Corporation of Falmouth, who envied him the advantage of the post which he enjoyed, and wished to get it themselves; that their examination of the prisoners was so scandalously partial and unjust, in Pendar's regard, that the Commissioners of Sick and Hurt saw through it, and assured him, he should be no sufferer by it. I give these things just as I received them. They may be of some use, and can be of no disservice, in governing thyself on the occasion.

Thy brother Nat is not in prison, nor like to be. He has, this day, been with me, and pretends that he has a prospect of getting into work, with Baron of this town as a brazier. I cannot, yet, say much about it, but hope to give thee a more full account, before I close my letter. In the meanwhile, I have talked very closely to him, and let him know, 'twill be in vain for him to endeavour to impose on me, for that I would do nothing without his friends' orders; at the same time, as I thought no man irreclaimable, I should be willing to assist him in getting into an orderly way of life, to the utmost of my power;—but if he attempted to put any tricks on me, I should have done with him at once. I gave him a dinner, which, I believe, the poor creature wanted. He has, since, been at Baron's, who is not at home.

Since the above was written, thy brother has called at my house, and left word, that Baron had agreed to

give him work, and that he begins with him next Fifth day. I have since called on Baron, and find it to be true. We had much conversation about him; in which, I had an opportunity of recommending him to his care, as a poor, unfortunate wretch, of whose recovery, there was a bare, and but a bare possibility; and I thought, Providence had made some opening for it, by affording him employment in a sober family; that if he kept his eye on him, and did what lay in his power, to restrain him from bad courses of any kind, 'twould be acting a part truly Christian, and what he and I should think ourselves greatly obliged to any one for, in regard to a child, in the like circumstances. In a word, I left him in the disposition, I could wish.

I have just now come from Tilham, who understands his interest, and knows thy father's temper, too well to arrest him. This I knew before. But as I was apprehensive, he might insist on his lodging, and spending what money he got, at his house, and as this must have ruined all our schemes, my business was to persuade Tilham, that as nothing but his future sobriety could reinstate him in his father's favour, and enable him to discharge what he owed him, 'twas absolutely necessary for us, to get him to lodge in some private family of a good character. This succeeded, to admiration; for, he fell quite into my way of thinking.

I have not seen thy brother to-day—Dec^{r}. 25;—but shall take care to do the best for him, I can, before I leave town; which will be, the latter end of

this, or the beginning of next week. And if anything further occurs in the meantime, thou may'st expect to hear from

Thy affectionate friend
W. Cookworthy.

Nor was his activity less, in maintaining purity of principle, and exemption from the spirit of the world, within the limits of his own religious community. Testifying, in principle, against war in every shape, they have consistently deprecated making gain out of the plunder of warfare, and have expressly forbidden the "dealing in prize goods." The loose practice, therefore, of some of the members calls forth his animadversions, in the following letter. In it, he also gives the first hint of his attention having been drawn to the materials used in the manufacture of porcelain.

FOR RICHARD HINGSTON, SURGEON, IN PENRYN.

Plymouth, 30th 5th Mo., 1745.

Dear Richard,

My Eastern and South-Ham journeys have kept me of late so much abroad, that I have not had opportunities of writing to thee, equal to my inclination.

Thy last order went a few days since, by Wm. Johns' barge for Falmouth, which is the first oppor-

tunity that hath offered since we received it. I am sorry for the damage which happened to the pill-boxes and party-gold; but am apt to believe it was taken in the passage, as we always keep the pill-boxes in a garrett where no moisture can affect them.

Amos hath, I understand, answered thy question about the beds; which, I believe, he was very capable of doing effectually, having been formerly concerned in filling them at brother Fox's. I hope, his answer is fully satisfactory.

We have, of late, been very barren in news. But, a few days since, we had certain advice, that Admiral Martin's squadron had taken a very rich ship from the Havanna; though the Captain, from whom Chas. de Voigne hath received a letter, says she came from St. Domingo. 'Tis allowed, however, that she hath a good deal of money on board; and so, 'tis likely she may have been at both places.

Chas. de Voigne tells me, that Cape Breton is of such consequence to the French, that they cannot do without it; and we may depend on their exerting their utmost endeavour to retake it; and if they should be unsuccessful, would never make peace without its reddition.

We had, lately, a very considerable sale, here, for the cargoes of the prizes taken by Martin's squadron some time since, and that of the *Elephant*. J. Colsworthy was at it, and bought a very large quantity of sugars on commission; as well as another Friend from London, whose name is Jonathan Gurnell. We must not be at all surprised at this, it being, by what

I can find, grown a settled maxim, that Friends may deal in Prize-Goods. For, on my attacking F. Jewel for being concerned in the purchase of *The Mentor*, which he bought in partnership with Dr. Dicker and Lancelot Robinson, he pleaded in his justification, that Friends, at London, were clearly of opinion, there is no harm in it; and that J^no^ Hayward, a preacher, had given him a commission to buy Prize Havanna snuffs. And brother Fox, who has done something in this way too, for the good of his family, acquaints me, that friend Wilson, when here, seemed to be quite ignorant of anything wrong in the practice, and only advised in general, that Friends should not act against their convictions. I am not, at present, disposed to make reflections; and, therefore, shall only say, that I hope I shall be kept clear of it; as I believe, it would bring a cloud over my mind.

I purpose, next Second day, to set out for the West, and hope to be with thee, about the 22nd Proximo. But I shall not be able to stay as usual, as I must hasten to Looe, to 'squire Sally to Redruth Yearly Meeting; from whence she purposes to go to Wadebridge, to pay a visit to her cousins. She talks, as if she should not be able to spare time to see you at Penryn. But, I believe, she will be mistaken.

I had, lately with me, the person who hath discovered the China-earth. He had several samples of the China-ware, of their making, with him; which were, I think, equal to the Asiatic. 'Twas found in the back of Virginia, where he was in quest of mines; and, having read Du Halde, discovered both the

Petunse and Kaulin. 'Tis this latter earth, he says, is the essential thing toward the success of the Manufacture. He is gone for a cargo of it, having bought the whole country of the Indians, where it rises. They can import it for £13 per Ton, and, by that means, afford their China as cheap as common stone ware. But they intend only to go about 30 per Cent. under the Company. The man is a Quaker by profession, but seems to be as thorough a Deist, as I ever met with. He knows a good deal of mineral affairs, but not *funditùs*.

I have, at last, hearkened to thy advice, and begun to commit to black and white what I know in Chemistry;—I mean, so far as I have not been obliged to other folks. Having finished my observations on furnaces, I intend to continue it as I have leisure; as it may be of use, after my death.

Farewell, dear Richard; and, if I am to have an answer, let it be by next post, or it will not come to hand before my leaving home.

Thine affectionately,

W. C.

Maunds are excessively dear, and I have none worse than what is sent, that is fit for use.

[An Invoice follows.]

Richd. Hingston . . Bot. of Bevans and Cookworthy,
July 27th, 1745, &c., &c.

This is the only letter which names his wife, while

she was living. Her death took place in the course of the same year, when it pleased Unerring Wisdom to deprive a devoted husband of an invaluable wife, and a family of little children of a tender mother, before the two youngest were two years old. To the other children, who were of an age to be sensible of their loss, the event proved a heart-rending affliction. Upon their poor father it had such an effect as to make him, for several months, quite unable to care for himself or his family. The consequence was, that they, orphans in reality, suffered much from neglect; a neglect, the more severely felt, for want of the order and comfort, of which their mother's household had been a perfect pattern. But this temporary dereliction of duty, if, under a trial so heavy, he could be considered responsible at all, was compensated by years of fatherly solicitude and affection afterwards.

So disabled, however, was he for a time, that he withdrew to retirement at Looe, in Cornwall, for several months, to yield more fully to the chastening Power whose hand was upon him: and, while the rest of his daughters were distributed among their relations, my mother, his last born, and her eldest sister, were sent to an old servant, Joan, who had married and lived at Milbrook. Here, my aunt Lydia, provident beyond her years, did her best to retrieve what she, in child-like simplicity, considered her father's falling fortune. She contrived to make a guinea a month cover all expenses for herself and her little sister; so that, as my mother used afterwards to declare, she was nearly starved. Not that Joan neglected them. She

had a mother's affection for them, but was too poor to help them out of her own means.

From this pinching condition they were relieved ere long. My aunt Lydia was sent to school at Kingsbridge; and my mother was transferred to the care of her aunt Debell, whose name she bore. Here, the opposite system of indulgence was adopted; which, providentially for her, was, after a while, stopped by her being displaced to make room for a younger favourite, William, the eldest son of her uncle Benjamin Cookworthy.

Happily also for my grandfather, soon after his wife's death, his brother Philip, with every prospect of making a rapid and easy fortune, returned from a voyage to China; and urged by the affectionate entreaties of his mother, whose anxiety was excited by the exposed nature of his employment, he was induced to forego his immediate views of worldly prosperity, and to join my grandfather in business, under the firm of "William Cookworthy and Co." This was, no doubt, of great service to the elder brother, as the bent of his mind directed his attention, most, to the scientific part of a Chemist's occupation; whilst the younger's tradesman-like talents and sagacity were well calculated to promote the concern in other respects.

The arrangement betwixt them, probably, arose out of the meeting noticed in the next letter.

FOR RICHARD HINGSTON, SURGEON, IN PENRYN.

Plymouth, 4th. of 2nd. Mo., 1746.

Dear Richard,

I received thine of the 31st Ultimo, per last post; and the same brought me one from R. Scantlebury, much to the same purport with that thou receivedst from him at Launceston.

Thou still continuest, or wouldst seem, ignorant of the low estate to which I have been reduced, and from which I am yet far from being recovered. If thou pleasest to reflect, the time for taking my Cornish journey is more than a month elapsed, and I have not yet begun that to the Eastward, and am determined not to do it, till the weather is settled in warm. I was very poorly at Kingsbridge, having been, as I believe, overdone with the journey. I met my brother Phil there; and found brother Philips in a promising way of doing well; in which, we were lately informed, he still continues.

Writing, as yet, but ill agrees with the weak state of my spirits; otherwise, I have many things to say to thee. Give my dear love to Andrew and both your spouses.

I am sincerely
Thy affectionate friend
W. C.

The following letter, also, touches on his shattered condition; and, at the same time, exhibits him in the

office, which he had now undertaken, of a spiritual shepherd, labouring to strengthen the weak hands and tottering knees, by travelling as a religious minister, and testifying, as before, against partaking in the spoils of war.

FOR RICHARD HINGSTON, SURGEON, IN PENRYN, CORNWALL.

Honiton, 6th. 12th Mo., 1746.

Dear Richard,

As I am obliged to stay the night at this town, and having no business on my hands, I am set down to employ the time in writing a few letters; which, I suppose, thou wilt take as a good sign that my mind is freer than it hath been for some time past; which, indeed, is the truth, I having enjoyed, for the last ten days, a greater steadiness of spirits, than I have been favoured with, for fourteen months past; which I desire to be thankful for, as a peculiar favour, as I cannot find that my body is stronger, or in better order, than it was at my setting out on the journey.

I left Launceston the day after I writ thee, from thence; and, in my way to Exon, called on the widow Bidgood's family, and found my heart very near them. There is certainly a good thing among them; though, I fear, there is too much of the stiffness of self-will in the old woman. The young ones are very tender, and would soon unite with Friends, were it not for their mother, whom I pity, as I believe her an honest, zealous woman, but, as I fear, mistaken.

I was out too late in the evening, before I got to

Exon; the cold pinching me sadly, so that I had flying rheumatic pains; and did not sleep ½ an hour the night preceding the Meeting for business; and yet I was borne up to attend both that and the Meeting of Worship in the afternoon. We had nothing of business worth noting; only, that the dealing in Prize-goods is, by an artful management, thrown back upon our Meeting. For, though it was the unanimous sense of the Quarterly Meeting at Plymouth, that in case the Meeting for Sufferings did not give us a satisfactory answer, application should be made to the Yearly Meeting; yet, by inserting the words, *may be made*, which was, doubtless, purposely done by a poor quirk on these words, the weight of the thing still rests on us. I had neither spirits, nor a disposition for debate, as I hoped the affair will still go to London in one shape or other; though I am sensible, the managing ones would be glad to stop it; but the work of Providence will be done; and, as far as I am engaged in it, I hope not to neglect my duty.

I was a whole week at Exon; not setting out till the frost broke up. At Bideford, there hath been a considerable convincement, and there is room to hope, it will be much more; so I was detained among them, 4 or 5 days, much to my satisfaction, being wonderfully supported. Poor Jenny Scawen was among them, some time before, and the service she had, almost wore her out. But she is since bravely recovered:—and the case was pretty much the same with me. I would fain, but cannot enter into particulars; further, than that I wrote Isaac Sharples

about the matter; and I since hear, from good authority, that both he and Benjamin Kidd, who is in London, intend very soon to pay them a visit.

From hence, through troublesome roads and very uncomfortable weather, I pursued my journey; and was at Spiceland Monthly Meeting, last first day was a week. Lawford was there; and a good Meeting we had; abundance of Friends and others being at it. I got to Taunton, last third day week; and thought to have left it on sixth or seventh day, but the weather partly stopped me. Last first day, Mary Kirby, being in company with Sarah Artis and Mary Davis at Bridgewater, had a concern not to attend that Meeting, but hasten on, and have an evening Meeting at Taunton. She came in just as the afternoon Meeting broke up. I was heartily glad to see her, and attended the evening Meeting, which was large and, I hope, attended with good service.

Mary and I were, the next day, at J. Dymond's, a very honest Friend with a large family, about two miles from the town, attended by two young women in whom, I believe, the Truth is deeply and livingly at work. We had a sweet time among this family, after dinner; and the waters being up, we had some difficulty to get back to Taunton, where we found Sarah Artis and the other Friend; with whom we had a good Meeting at Taunton, the next day. Poor Taunton Meeting begins to have some shinings of life in it, which, I trust, will increase. The women went, the next morning, for Minehead; and I came on to Ilminster; and, to-day, here. Mary and Sarah

Artis intended only to go as far as Exeter; but, I believe, they will go through the West. That Sarah Artis is a choice girl.

Thus, my very dear friend, I have given thee a short account of a long journey. I call it short, as I have not entered into particulars. Though the weather hath been excessively bad, and I, at times, so low, that I have been ready to turn my horse's head homeward, yet, on the whole, I have cause to be deeply thankful to the Almighty, as He hath been pleased to let me experience that He can carry through all difficulties; supporting those that rely on Him, in their greatest weaknesses, and so sanctifying them into the means of increasing our faith in His invisible Power. Adieu.

I am, thy affectionate friend,

W. Cookworthy.

My dear love to Betty, Andrew and his spouse.

His reflections on his labour of love, and the benefit of his experience, after he had returned home, will be found in the following letter.

TO MARY WILLIAMS, EXETER.

Plymouth, 22nd. 1st Mo., 1747.

Dear friend, Mary Williams,

In a measure of Divine Life and fellowship of the gospel, I tenderly salute thee; and I choose

the present time, because thou art brought very fresh to my remembrance, as indeed thou hast been many times, especially about the close of my last Cornish journey. For, as in the course of it and in the services to which I was called, I witnessed the Lord's supporting arm to be near me, so was my mind frequently tendered and raised into a living sense of the unbounded goodness and wonderful condescension of our Great Master to his poor servants who are labouring to be nothing in themselves, empty vessels, that He may be all, and they, what He pleases to make them. The exaltation, they are seeking after, is the being raised from death to fulness of life, by virtue of His Divine power; and that, in and by its mighty working in them, they may be made instruments, effectually to extend its dominion in the hearts of their fellow mortals.

In a sense of these things, I am, methinks, engaged to call encouragingly to thee. What matters all the opposition which men can make to the work of God? They may oppose it, to the utmost of their power, and the depth of their craft, either to suppress or undermine His work. But all will be in vain. For, He that sits in Heaven, shall laugh them to scorn, and, when He sees meet, shall scatter them as the driven stubble and pour contempt upon them. In the meantime, it is our prudence to be still having our eye only to our Leader, and not fretting too much because of evil-doers. For, as we are in the discharge of our duty, all will be well with us; and, though there may be baptizing times, and times of deep suffering

with the oppressed seed, as well as hard work to get into our services, through the opposition of dark spirits, yet, as we are kept in innocence and uprightness towards God, and, so, out of condemnation, I think, all this may be cheerfully borne, for the sake of that peace and Divine sweetness wherewith He is often pleased to season and overshadow our spirits. Therefore, my advice to thee is, to move straightforward, without looking too much behind or about thee; having found that thoughtfulness and reflection are very weakening things, and frequently made use of, by the Enemy, to hurry and deject us: whereas, were we cheerfully to undergo the suffering we are called to, it would be much easier to be gone through, than when the difficulty is increased by our uneasy reflections.

Let me, therefore, once more speak encouragingly to thee and say, Never mind the opposers, but follow thy engagements simply; and fear not consequences; for, nothing but good can be the consequence of sincere obedience. In regard to the sense we have of our own weakness and unworthiness as creatures, let us consider how much we have already seen of the all-sufficiency of His powerful arm, which, we have had full evidence, hath been stretched out for our help. Have we not seen His wonders in the deep? And why, then, should we doubt of His love toward us? He can use what instruments He pleases; and as it has pleased Him to make use of us, let us not suffer the Enemy to perplex our minds about our own unworthiness and unfitness. His power and holy

unction is the only qualification. For, it is His work; and as He is pleased to dispense this, let us be satisfied, and never mind how mean we ourselves are; for, let us be as low as we may, the highest among mortals is, of himself, as low in His eye, before whom all nations are as the drop in the bucket, or the small dust in the balance. I am sensible that, at times, we are in great want, and leanness comes over us. But I have found that, as our eye is to the Lord, though He may see meet to try us with want of bread, He supports us, under the suffering of that hunger, to which the blessing is: helping us through dark stormy days and times of famine; blessing the little He is pleased to give, and making it sufficient for our support, to keep us alive 'till He sends rain on the land. Thus, is this, though the sorest of all exercises, made tolerable, as we keep in the faith and patience of the saints, while nothing embitters it so much as letting in consultations and reasonings.

Thus, my dear friend, have I found things; and thus, do I, with much simplicity, mention them. Thy experience, I am sensible, in many things, far exceeds mine; yet, perhaps, thou may'st pick up a little light and comfort from some of this letter, which is written from no motive but love.

It is needless to give thee the particulars of my journey, or the state of things here, as I hope, if Providence favours me, to see you at Collumpton.

I remain, with dear love to thyself, husband, and the family, Thy loving friend,

W. Cookworthy.

Having been severely tried himself, he became the better qualified to give comfort to a correspondent, who was undergoing a like deprivation. Richard Hingston's wife had lately died. He, therefore, addresses him and his family, jointly.

FOR RICHARD HINGSTON, SURGEON, IN PENRYN.

My dear friends,

Whom I truly and tenderly love, and with whom I am made one, both in suffering and in joy. I may say, that my spirit hath been deeply dipp'd in sympathy with you for your great loss; and my heart is so bound up, that I hardly know what to say. But, as I find and feel, there is a sympathy between the members, so in the pure motion of it, I am encouraged to desire and advise you to look up, for relief, to the Head; to Him, who was touch'd with a feeling of our infirmities, and ever liveth to make intercession for us, and will not suffer us to be tried beyond measure; but as our eye is to Him, He will support His poor, depending children, and help them through all their afflictions; of which, my soul hath been, and is daily, made a sure witness. For I have long dwell'd in the House of Mourning, and the Lord hath blessed this habitation to me; as I hope, He will do to you, my dear friends; for I clearly see that the Lord is at work in the Earth in a very signal manner, visiting the hearts of His creation, in order to bring all into a nearer union with Him, so that

they may witness Him to be their God, their alone Strength and Refuge, their All in all. And as we give up ourselves entirely to Him, I question not, but we shall witness, that all things will work together for good.

My poor dear Polly's case turns out, as J. Mudge thinks, and I believe, to be a Spina bifida; a melancholy case, indeed! But though I can hardly look on the dear lamb without streaming eyes, yet hath the Lord enabled me to resign her to His will. Oh! can my soul say, He is worthy to be looked unto, for He is the only certain help in the needful time.

I desire and advise, that Richard would not too much overdo himself. You can afford yourselves sufficient assistance; and are blameable in not making use of it.

I have called on your cousin Andrew. He is in the last stage of a consumption. I sat near two hours with him, and had much satisfaction in my visit; that I have cause to hope, the Lord is near him.

Farewell, my dear friends.

I am
Your sympathising friend
W. COOKWORTHY.

Plymouth, 20th. 4th. Month [1747].

In this letter, allusion is made to the state of his daughter Mary. She was a remarkably lively, daring

child. Earlier in the year, the small-pox had carried off her sister Elizabeth, and had left my mother, the twin sister, blind for three months. She used to go about crying, "See a little blind maid;" and was mostly under the charge of her sister Mary; who, while lifting my mother in bed, felt her own back give way with a sudden snap; and, as my grandfather rightly apprehended, the spine proved to have been affected. The result was, that she grew up, deformed for life, yet without any abatement of her enterprising temperament. She used, while yet a child, in spite of her crippled plight, and with no better harness than a piece of string, to sally forth, whenever she could escape from home, in quest of a donkey; catch it; bridle it, in her fashion; and then, springing upon its bare back, scour, in joyous freedom, round the Hoe, in defiance of all the plunging and kicking exerted to dismount her. Her bones were singularly brittle. In the course of her life, she broke both arms and both legs, in succession; so that, at last, she said jocularly, that she had only her neck left to be broken. Her love of fun, lively spirits, and powers of entertainment, remained to the last.

The course of business, in the next letter, gives my grandfather an opportunity of again adverting to the same correspondent's bereavement, with the like judicious tenderness.

FOR RICHARD HINGSTON, SURGEON, IN PENRYN.

August 31st, 1747.

Rich^{d}. Hingston, . . Bo^{t}. of Will^{m} Cookworthy & Co^{y}.,

[Invoice]

Sept^{r}. 5.

My dear friend,

The above went a few days since by your boat. I duly received thy last, this day; and shall be careful to dispatch the order by the first opportunity.

Thou must expect to feel thy loss severely, for some time. I hope, however, that the Power whose sufficiency is equal to every trial will carry thee sweetly and safely through this affliction. Oh! when we can but feel the bubbling up of the sweet, tendering Spring of Eternal Life, this supports and comforts the mind, and gives a sense of delight, even in the depth of sorrow.

Farewell. My dear love to Andrew and his spouse, &c.

Thine affectionately

W. C.

And then follows the last letter to Richard Hingston, who died in the course of the ensuing year, 1748.

FOR RICHARD HINGSTON, SURGEON, IN PENRYN.

Plymouth, 24th. 9bris, 1747.

Dear Richard,

In consequence of what thou say'st in thine

of the 9th Current, in relation to the disposing of some of R. Barclay's Apologies, I wrote his son, desiring he would send me some. And, by this post, he informs me, he hath applied to the Meeting of Sufferings, who have ordered 20 French and 10 Latin Apologies; and they are accordingly sent by the Waggon, directed to me: and as soon as they come to hand, and opportunity offers, I purpose to send them forward to thee, with a fresh supply of the "No Cross, no Crown."

We had shipped thy last order; but the vessel being since engaged to carry some officers to France, the maund is re-landed, and as yet no opportunity offers of sending it.

I desire thee to call on Coz. Tregelles, and turn to the Article of "Appeals." For, if 6 months' notice is necessary, I shall not have time. I am apprehensive, 'tis but 3. However, advise me what the Book says about it. I think your County ought to join us. At least, if those who have the same way of thinking as I have, would move your Quarterly Meeting, to direct your representatives to make a motion of the same kind with ours at the ensuing Yearly Meeting, it would strengthen my hands. But this is submitted and just mentioned, that you may consider, whether or no you ought not to do something in an affair of such consequence.

I am glad to hear our friend, thy sister bears her late trial so well. I lately saw our friend, Jonah Thompson, at a funeral at Chard in Somerset. We had some conversation about thee; and on my saying

thou hadst of late met with great afflictions, and mentioning them, Jonah drily answered, "Is that all? he knew they were mortal."

I am just returned from brother Philip's wedding. Jacob brought home his wife, the week before last; and I met them at your Cousin Hingston's, who very cordially gave us a dinner, which, I can truly say, was matter of joy to me, as I can plainly perceive that there are no remains of the old root of bitterness left alive.

We have called on Cha. de Voigne, who tells us, he hath more money to remit thee, and he will pay all together.

I remain

Thy affectionate friend

W. Cookworthy.

My dear love to Andrew and his wife, if the former is returned.

In those days, there was no printed Book of Extracts; which will account for a Minister among Friends having no direct access to their Rules of Discipline. The Rules were, then, all in manuscript, in a green vellum-bound book, which my grandfather's youngest brother used to call, "The Green Dragon of the Ancients;" to be consulted, like the Sibylline leaves, only by the chosen few. Between twenty and thirty years later, soon after my father went to London, he contrived, somewhat under the rose, to gain sight of it, and spent many hours in copying the more

important minutes. Copies having been multiplied from my father's copy, Dr. Fothergill and other rulers of the day deemed it most prudent to issue an authentic print of such Minutes of the Yearly Meeting, as were fittest for general use. Such was the origin of The Book of Extracts.

Before my aunt Lydia left school at Kingsbridge, her father sent her the following admirable letter.

TO HIS DAUGHTER LYDIA, AT KINGSBRIDGE.

Plymouth, 12th, 12th. Month, 1749.

Dear Child,

I received thine by W. Frink some days since, and take it kindly that thou wast so early in answering my last. The family being in usual health, the only news, I have to send thee, is, that this day week, thy Uncle Ben. declared his intention of marriage with S. Collier; so that thou art like soon to have another Aunt.

Whilst I sat in the Meeting, my desires were very earnest, that thy Uncle might find the state, into which he was about to enter, peaceable and happy, as, through the favour of Heaven, it proved to me and thy dear mother. And there is no question but all will find it so, who honestly endeavour to live in the fear of God, and to behave to each other with that wisdom, love and tenderness, it leads to.

Happiness, my dear, would not be a thing difficult to be attained in any state of life, if people could but resolve to give themselves up to the direction of

the Divine Being, and be governed by that Truth which He hath placed in every bosom: for want of which, the World is like a wilderness, and full of confusion and trouble to the generality of mankind: the sense of which makes it my earnest desire, that I, and those who belong to me, may, in a peculiar manner, be separated from the world and all its follies; which I know to be Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

I have told thee, above, my regard for thy Uncle's welfare, and how desirous I am that he may enjoy that happiness, I and your Mother enjoyed. Think then, what must be the tenderness and depth of my concern for you, my offspring, the tender pledges of that happy union, and almost the only remaining visible comforts of my life, since it pleased Divine Wisdom to call home your dear Mother, whose memory dwells as a sweet odour on my spirit. That Great Being, whose eye looks to the very bottom of the heart, alone knows the frequency and strength of those cries, He begets in my soul, for your everlasting welfare. 'Tis for this alone I am concerned; being thoroughly satisfied, that if you are virtuous and religious, you will never want. But my concern for your spiritual welfare is truly great, and mostly the subject of my morning sacrifice, when the God of my life enables me to lift up you and your tender cause, as an holy offering before His altar. And as I have often entreated the Almighty to keep your feet from the paths of Vanity, and preserve your tender spirits from the corruptions of the World, so let me beseech thee, my

dear Child, to be strictly on thy guard against the love of any thing here below. Learn to look on every earthly object, as not made to give satisfaction or joy. No, my dear; nothing but endeavouring to make thy thoughts and actions conformable to Truth, can do this; and it is the enjoyment of God alone, that can make thee truly happy.

Remember, therefore, thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Devote even thy tender years to His service; and let thy knees learn to bow before Him. Offer the first fruits of an innocent mind in holy petitions for His care and watchfulness over thee, and praises to His Great Name for His past mercies. Thus, wilt thou draw down on thy tender spirit the sweet influences of His Divine Goodness, and engage the bowels of His endless compassion, to make thee a blessing to thyself and a comfort to thy poor Father. And let these truths be engraven on thine heart; that all the good, this World can afford, is meat, drink, and clothes; and provided these are wholesome, warm and decent, 'tis sufficient; that to endeavour to set thyself off, so as to gain honour from these things, is an abomination in the sight of God, who only honours those who honour Him, by endeavouring, through His assistance, to adorn their spirits with humility, virtue and piety.

I remain

Thy affectionate father

W. Cookworthy.

She soon afterwards came home; and, at the early age of little more than fourteen, took the charge of her father's household, which she managed with admirable skill, and greatly to his comfort. Inheriting her mother's good taste and love of order, she had, also, some of her father's talent. Though frugal, in the best sense, and confining her own personal expenses within a small compass, she had the heart of a prince for generosity, both at the head of her father's table, and on all occasions when her kind feelings were excited. She was well able to shine amid the company who gathered round him. Her wit was of a very superior order, natural, spontaneous and unobtrusive; and when Wolcot, better known by his poetic name of Peter Pindar, afterwards found his way to Nut Street, she was thought to be, almost always, an overmatch for him in smartness of repartee.

With such a daughter to relieve him from domestic cares, my grandfather gradually rallied, and entered eagerly into whatever claimed his attention. The building of the Eddystone Lighthouse, in the year 1759, was, of course, an event in which he took a lively interest. Smeaton, the engineer employed, was an inmate of his house, while the work was in progress; and he, and my grandfather in company, used to survey the dove-tailed blocks of stone, as they lay on the Hoe, in preparation for being shipped for the Rock.

In the same year, my grandfather was deprived, by death, of the comfort and presence of his honoured mother, herself a religious minister; an event, to

which he alludes, for an instructive purpose, in the following letter to a valued friend, then tottering on the brink of eternity.

TO ANDREW HINGSTON.

[About 1762].

—— I have, thus far, as thy sympathising friend, suggested everything that occurs to me, which might be of use in thy disorder. But the great medicine from above, the sacred balm, the Almighty, the unerring hand of Infinite Mercy, is the only certain cure, or alleviation of the sufferings and ills attending poor pilgrims, in their travel through this vale of tears. What a happiness it is, to be in possession of this knowledge! Long hast thou been in possession of it. Long hast thou looked to the God of Jacob as thy strength; and He hath owned thee in thine own heart, by often lifting up the light of His countenance upon thee, and being thy present help in every needful time: and to those of thy acquaintance who know and love Him, hast thou been truly near and honourable.

My heart embraces thee, whilst I write, in the love which stretches beyond the narrow bounds of time, and is immortal in its root, and claimeth kindred with every child of the family of God. Many such claims has my soul, in particular; or eternity, or life, would be an insipid way, a bitter thing, to me.

Genuine friendship is a plant from heaven. It bears the most pleasant fruit, we taste below. But 'tis Eternity must exalt this fruit to its highest flavour. Love, the badge, the employment and delight of the real disciple and true child of Christ, is, and must be, its own everlasting reward.—I lost a father, very young. But He, who hath been a tender Father to me, left me to honour his memory. Dear sisters, of good dispositions have been removed. A loving, worthy, and dearly beloved wife, the desire of my eyes, was taken from me, by a stroke. My very dear friend, thy brother, was called home in the strength of life. My tender mother, dear to me by the natural tie, but inexpressibly so, as a friend, a spiritual helper, a sister in the best relation, her too, I have lost, in the language of men. But are all these dear souls lost? I trust not, for I cannot bear the thought. Let me but continue to labour to know Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; to persevere and cultivate that life which He, in infinite mercy, has raised in me, and I shall have no doubt but I shall rejoin them, and never be separated from them more; for, well am I assured, that True Friendship survives the grave.

Thou wilt, from what I have written, judge the state of my mind, in regard to thee. Grave advice to one who has endeavoured to live by Supreme direction, would be nauseously impertinent: and consolation also, further than the overflowings of a friendly heart, ready to join him who sucks at the Everlasting breasts.

Calmly, therefore, warm at heart with brotherly love, with hopes full of immortality for thee and myself, I dearly salute thee and thy spouse; remaining

Thy affectionate friend

W. Cookworthy.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, various important subjects had claimed my grandfather's fixed attention.

In travelling through Cornwall, in the prosecution of his business of Wholesale Druggist, the products of that singular district attracted his notice; and he would, sometimes, sit up, all night, with a manager of a mine, absorbed in giving and receiving information. There, he became acquainted with the Divining Rod, a contrivance used by Cornish miners, under the name of the Dowsing Rod, for the discovery of ore. He had recourse to it, himself; and has left his thoughts on the subject in a manuscript which will be found in the Appendix, No. 4.

But this was not all. The information, given him by the American in 1745, had strengthened a curiosity already roused, to make search in his own neighbourhood. Examining the country, as he rode through Cornwall, with scrutinising eye, he, at last, found both the China clay and the China stone in Tregonnin hill; and again, in the parish of St. Stephens; and afterwards, in the domain of Boconnoc, the family seat of Thomas Pitt, the accomplished nephew, to whom the Great Chatham wrote

his celebrated Letters edited by Lord Grenville, and who was, afterwards, created Lord Camelford in 1784. This discovery naturally led to an acquaintance with Lord Camelford, which soon ripened into cordial and intimate friendship. Availing himself of his chemical knowledge, my grandfather made experiments upon the materials found at these spots, till he was convinced that porcelain might be made. Accordingly, in conjunction with Lord Camelford, he obtained a patent in 1768, and a manufactory was started at Plymouth, in which he engaged the assistance of a French artist, Mons.r Soqui, whose ornamental delineations, on the articles manufactured, were extremely beautiful. Bone, afterwards famed as an enameller, was, at that time, taken under my grandfather's protection, and employed in the manufactory. His own account of his researches and experiments will be also found in the Appendix, No. 5.

After some trial and expense, Plymouth was found to be not suited for the successful prosecution of the manufacture; and it was, at length, removed in the year 1774 to Bristol, and placed under the management of Richard Champion, a mercantile man of that city, through whose means, it was assigned, after my grandfather's death and a renewal of the patent by private Act of Parliament, to manufacturers in the pottery branch in Staffordshire, on Wedgwood's declining the offer. The article, manufactured at Plymouth, was universally allowed to be a complete porcelain; insomuch that it would bear a heat which

melted Chinaware placed inside it, and was of perfect, uniform texture and quality, from the inner to the outer surface. A cup, of my grandfather's manufacture, is in my possession, placed upon a China punch bowl, brought from China by his brother Philip, on his last voyage from that country.

Nearly at the same time that he was prosecuting his researches into the possibility of making English porcelain, he had made experiments to ascertain how far he could help to mitigate distress at sea, occasioned by the stock of fresh water running short. He conceived, that this might be, in some measure, accomplished, by distilling salt water on board the vessel itself. After various trials, to satisfy himself about the most convenient method of effecting his benevolent purpose, he detailed the plan, which, he thought, would answer, in the following letter :—

TO A FRIEND.

Plymo., July 22nd, 1760.

Dear friend,

I return'd from Cornwall about a fortnight since, having been there for nigh 3 months, for the recovery of my health; my disorder, which continued with great severity all the winter, having reduced me to a very weak condition. But I am now bravely recovered, my pain being inconsiderable, and my spirits much stronger, though I am still very thin.

It hath given me concern to find, by a letter of Jn°. Hardie's, that thou thoughtest, I had neglected thee; from whence 'tis plain, thou hast not been informed of the miserable state I have been in. 'Tis this only, I can sincerely assure thee, hath hinder'd me from giving thee the satisfaction thou desired'st. I can clearly acquit myself of the least neglect in thy regard; and am conscious, that I want no disposition to oblige a friend, for whom I have so true an esteem.

As the former experiments were made, when my thoughts were far from being at liberty, I have made new ones since my return from Cornwall; and I think, I can now give thee a satisfactory answer to every part of the subject, but one; which I shall take due notice of, when I come to it.

As I don't chuse to rest things on my own judgment, but to lay before my friends the reasons for my conclusions, I have sent thee the product of my last experiments, by the waggon, in a small box directed to the care of John Hardie. They are as follows.

We took a large spoonful of well burnt Wood ashes, and found, they weigh'd 4 oz. Troy weight. We then took dj of these ashes, and put them into a small experimenting Retort, with a Hj of sea water. This proportion of ashes was somewhat larger than that used by thy friend, the Whitby captain.

We drew off this sea water to dryness, it came off sweet, to upwards of 12 oz.; but the last 3 oz. were rough and ill-tasted.

The product of this experiment is marked A. No. 1,

what came off first, about 7 oz.; No. 2, about 5 or 6 oz.; No. 3, what came last, about 3 ounces.

The next experiment was on a pint of sea water and 5 grains of refin'd potash, distill'd to dryness.

In this, the water came off sweet to the last. This experiment is mark'd B. No. 1, the first running; B. No. 2, the second; B. No. 3, the last.

C. was an experiment on sea water, without any addition. The product of which, in all respects, appears to me to be as good; nor was the quantity of what came off last, of an ill flavour greater than from the wood-ashes.

We distilled 30 gallons of sea-water in our common Alembic, which required lb. 70 of coals to draw it over. This water was sweet, and without any flavour, but what it had from the worm.

From the above experiments, it appears to me, that any of them will answer; the first and second running of all of them being superior, in goodness, to the water used by seafaring men. And in regard to the ill quality of what comes last, it's not of the least consequence; as, in the Alembic distillation, a quantity proportionably larger than is ill-tasted water, must be left in the Still.

The whole of this affair is very plain. The grand object is the saving fuel. In order to answer this end, I would advise the use of a head with a rim, like those used formerly in the cold Stills, and, at present, in distillations in Balneo. As I have no such Still-head, I could not make an experiment of the quantity of water to be procured by the same quantity of coals,

by the use of this Still-head, more than by the common one. Silvanus and Timothy Bevan have such a head; which will, I believe, fit the Still, in which they place their Balneum. Nothing needs be done, but to weigh out two equal quantities of coals. Let one be used under the Still with the common head; and the other, with the Balneum head. The quantity of water used in each distillation ought to be equal; and the fire-place suffer'd to grow quite cold between them, for obvious reasons. By this rule, the comparative advantage of one head beyond the other, will be easily determin'd, and, I believe, will appear to deserve attention. The water used may be common water. A Still, which holds 20 Gallons, will work off about $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallon, an hour, and, consequently, 6 gallons in 4 hours; which would be sufficient for 12 men, supposing them quite out of water. From this view, it is easy to make a calculation for a larger number. But I think, this Still would be large enough for 30 men, if they were to take the alarm on the first appearance of the danger of wanting water. And if they were quite in want of it, they might, in ten or twelve hours, from 20 gallons draw 15 of good water, which would be a large allowance for their daily consumption.

I think, I have now fully answer'd all thy questions; and shall give the process in a Still of twenty gallons.

The Still should hold 22 gallons, or thereabouts, and have a proper Worm and Worm-tub. The Worm need not consist of many turns; as it matters not, if the water should come off warm. Into this Still,

pour 20 gallons of Sea-water; add to it 12, spoonfuls of wood ashes; fix on the head, and lute it to the Still and Worm with a soft dough. If one half whiting is mixed with the flour, the better.

The Worm-tub being filled with water, make a fire under the Still, sufficient to make the water in it boil; when it will work off in a small stream, quite fresh. Continue the fire, till about 15 gallons are come off; or longer, if the water still comes fresh and well-tasted.

When the distillation is finished, strike the Still-head, and wash it out with fresh sea-water, to prevent its being corroded by the strong corrosive brine, which will be left at the bottom. If this is left to chrystallize, it would yield good salt. When the fresh water comes off too hot, the water in the Worm-tub must be suffered to run out; and, at the same time, cold salt water poured into the tub, to supply its place.

If potashes are used, are enough for 20 gallons of water, the Still-full.

It may be worth considering, if it might not be proper to make the ship's boiler, or the kettle they boil their victuals in, so shaped about the mouth, as to receive a Still-head in a proper manner, and, thus, answer the ends of a Still. And, if the head was put on, even when they were boiling their victuals, the water might be saved, and, if this was constantly done, in no contemptible quantity; which, I believe, would be as well or better flavoured water than what seamen used in common.

These are the thoughts, that have occurred on this subject, to Thy assured friend

W. Cookworthy.

Not long after this period, a subject of vastly higher importance laid firm hold of my grandfather's mind. This was a work by a learned and scientific foreigner, who, as far back as the year 1749, had begun to publish anonymously, in eight thick quarto volumes, spiritual explanations, in Latin, of the first two books of the Pentateuch. In the autumn of the same year, Stephen Penny, an inhabitant of Dartmouth, attracted by the advertisement, became one of the earliest known readers of the work, in this country. As he was a friend of my grandfather's, he was, not improbably, the means of bringing it under his notice. This voluminous publication was followed by various others of less bulk, also in Latin, and all professing to give new and important information on subjects of vital importance to the everlasting welfare of mankind. After adhering to the plan of anonymous publication for a course of nineteen years, the Author at last dropped the veil, and, in 1768, the mathematician, mineralogist, physiologist, and statesman, Swedenborg, became known to the world, as a theological writer; a title, under which, his former fame has sunk, in this country, into a by-word, in the mouth of the scoffer and skin-deep religionist.

Upon my grandfather's first opening one of Swedenborg's works, the book was soon thrown down in a fit of disgust. Contrary to the usual opinion, he held

that "First thoughts are best." In this instance, however, he departed from his own maxim; and, from some cause not now remembered, he was, after a while, induced to make another trial. And, whether the exposition of the heavenly nature of Conjugal Love was congenial to his feelings; or the doctrine, that Heaven is a Kingdom of active usefulness, appeared rational and scriptural; or, above all, the unfolding of the True Nature and Attributes of The One, Only Object of Divine Worship, the Lord Jesus Christ, flashed conviction on his mind; it is certain, that, from that time forward, he became, gradually, more and more convinced of the soundness of the views, given by the Swedish theologian, of Scriptural Truths.

Whether Swedenborg's works are beneficial or otherwise, will not, here, be discussed. Those, who may have been injured, are the persons to complain. William Cookworthy was not one of them. Upon him, their effect was, beyond all question, salutary. As an acknowledged Minister, and as, what is technically called, a consistent Friend, he could scarcely be expected to be altogether free from the *esprit du corps*, which, in past times, was more prevalent in the Religious Society to which he belonged: a Society, which has, undoubtedly, made rapid advances, of late years, in the exercise of an enlarged and liberal spirit. So circumstanced, a temper, naturally ardent and hasty, would occasionally break out in petty acts of assault upon the dress of his daughters; of whom, all inherited their father's relish for good society, and

some had no ambition to appear more forbidding than their neighbours. Not that his hostility bore any resemblance, in degree or kind, to the church prostrating wrath of a John Knox; it is, nevertheless, certain that, now and then, a propensity to destroy had the upper-hand in him, and a gay cap became a victim to the flames. But after he had imbibed the doctrines of Swedenborg, this propensity subsided; Christian forbearance prevailed; his temper was, in every respect, purified and sweetened; and of Faith, Hope, and Charity, graces which he possessed in abundance, he fully verified the Scripture, that Charity was the greatest. Though his new views were not fully adopted by his children, at least while he lived, and only by my mother after his death, it was their uniform testimony, that to Swedenborg's instrumentality, under Heaven, was he indebted for becoming that Prince in Israel, which he undoubtedly was.

So convinced, indeed, did he become of the truth and utility of the works, that, after contributing his aid to bring into circulation a translation of a small piece, entitled, The Intercourse between the Soul and Body, he translated the chief part of The Treatise on Heaven and Hell, under the revision of Thomas Hartley, Rector of Winwick in Northamptonshire. The Translation was published in 1778, in a quarto volume, by the Friends' bookseller, James Phillips of George Yard Lombard Street London, at my grandfather's expense.

He also translated, for publication, a smaller Trea-

tise, styled, The Doctrine of Life. His Latin copies of both these Treatises bear marks of the translator's toil, in scattered ink-spots; blots possibly owing to the clumsiness of his hands, which were quite a contrast to his neat and well-shaped legs and feet. He had the graceful step and carriage of a courtier. When he entered a room full of company, it was said to be a sight worth beholding, to see him take his seat among the ladies who were eagerly calling to him, "We have room for you here, Mr. Cookworthy." Lord Stair himself did not step into Louis the Fourteenth's coach with more ease, when that Monarch suddenly motioned the English Ambassador to enter first, and then declared that his unhesitating compliance made good his character of being the first gentleman in Europe.

Hartley was a man of the same affectionate disposition, and the same enlarged views of Religion; yet, from a nervousness of temperament, more inclined to shrink from society and discussion. They corresponded for some time, before they were personally acquainted; until the repeated interchange of sentiment had produced such an union of soul, that when they met for the first time, they flew into each other's arms, as if they had been old acquaintances. Shortly before Swedenborg's death, which took place early in the year 1772, my grandfather was in London, and went, with Hartley, to visit him at his lodgings in Cold Bath Square, Clerkenwell. The area of the Square has long been filled with houses, but, in those days, was a Green, whither children used to resort in

their play hours, and where the aged Theologian would often join them, to distribute gingerbread among them. The particulars of the interview of the three men have been lost, beyond the circumstance of the impossibility of not being at once struck with the innocence of the Swedish Divine; who, on being invited to dine with his visitors, politely excused himself; adding, that his dinner was already prepared. It proved to be a simple meal of bread and milk.

The new views of Religion, which opened on my grandfather's mind, did not, however, relax the ties of affection which bound him to the Society of Friends. He seems not to have had the slightest suspicion, that he could make a wiser choice, in religious communion, than that which the Great Disposer of events had already made for him. But he was taught to look, less at the form, and more at the spirit and substance of things; and where other men would have been stopped by scruples, he felt none; occasionally remarking, that he used to pray to be preserved from scruples. He found that, if the inside was made clean, the outside would be sure of becoming clean too, whatever the shape and size of the cup and platter might be. No doubt, he did not confine himself within that narrow pale, which his more rigid, though perhaps equally conscientious, but less enlightened brethren might deem essential; and, when in London, he found that his other valued acquaintance had as strong attractions for him, as those of a more sombre caste.

Neither were his literary labours, as a translator,

confined to Swedenborg's works. He translated an Essay in French on Divine Instinct, by a Swiss gentleman, named Muralt, the author of an earlier work entitled, "The World Unmasked," which had considerable run at one time. This translation, however, did not appear in print till 1784, when it was published by the same bookseller, James Phillips, nearly four years after my grandfather's death.

Two events were, meanwhile, hanging over him, which called forth all his parental tenderness. One was, the death of Francis Fox, to whom his second daughter, Sarah, had been married in 1760. She was left a widow in 1766, with a girl, of her own name, and two boys, the elder named after his grandfather, and the younger after his own father. My grandfather thus announces the event, to the widowed parent of the deceased.

TO ANNE FOX, PARR, CORNWALL.

Plymo. 28th. 2nd. Mo. 1766.

Dear Sister,

Providence hath called on us, once more, for the exercise of resignation to the will of our Heavenly Father. This introduction will serve to let thee know that thou hast lost a worthy son. He was called home this evening, about 7 o'clock; after a week's sickness, in which he had nothing to do but struggle with the violence of his disorder.

What shall I say to thee? My poor heart is weak and worn out, in deeply sympathising with his afflicted widow; whose grief for the loss of a most beloved

husband, to whom, as she now acknowledges, her heart was united from her childhood, is inexpressible. Never were a happier couple; nor ever was any relation more dearly beloved, than my dear Francis was by us. It was impossible for me to have loved him with a more entire affection, had he been my own child: and I can with sincerity say, that I remember no action of his, for which, in my inmost thought, I blamed him.

May the Comforter of His children, who look unto Him to sweeten their bitter cups, by that arm which hath never failed to support them in the time of distress, give thee a fresh proof of His Almighty help! and enable us to say, The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!

I am

Thy true sympathising brother

W. Cookworthy.

The other event was the runaway marriage of his daughter Mary with Benjamin Hobson, a physician, who was not a member of the Society of Friends. She had always been, what might be called, the pickle of the family, though there was never any malice in her mischief. Her elopement, therefore, caused more sorrow than surprise. Her warm heart, however, was not one that could long brook giving pain to an affectionate father. She did not wait for some occurrence, to convert him into a suppliant for re-

conciliation. She knew that his tenderness was of no spurious kind, devoid of the firmness which gives it value. She soon found herself constrained to implore his forgiveness; and, thus, he answered her appeal.

TO MARY HOBSON.

Dear Child,

As I have no doubt, but thy last letter to me contained the real sentiment of thy heart, I have, several times, read it with tenderness and satisfaction. For, if thy wandering from the path of duty and peace, with the consequent troubles, distresses and remorse which, I think, thou must have undergone, have driven thee to the right place, to meet with pardon, support and peace; and the goodness and tender mercies of a most bounteous Father have so shone forth as to engage thy love and thankfulness, and have begotten a real, thorough sense in the depth of thy heart, that He is the fairest of ten thousand, the Only Source of wisdom and bliss, the sure Almighty Protector and Present Help in every needful time; thou art in that place where I have often and ardently prayed to see all my children. I think I have naturally a heart not unfeeling. Thy outward prosperity, health, and honour would give me some satisfaction; but all this, which the World is so apt to doat on, appears trivial in my eyes. We have no abiding city here. Eternity approaches us. We know not how near we are to an entrance on that immense Ocean. But a sense that those, to whose existence I have been made instru-

mental, are in the way which leads to everlasting happiness, would give me joy indeed. Oh! that my dear children, for their own sakes, may give me my fill of this sacred comfort! I have sometimes hoped, that they would endeavour to make grateful returns for my paternal love in this way; as they know that nothing, in their regard, could afford me so full a joy, as to behold them God's children.

I say these things, to strengthen thy good resolutions. It is not enough to run well for a season. We must set our hands to the plough in earnest, and expect to find difficulties which will call for constant care and strong exertion to surmount. We are all, by nature, children of wrath. The Devil hath a deeper possession of our hearts than we are aware; and he can only be cast out, as we are willing to part with our self-love; that in-bred, worst enemy of our house, without whose concurrent aid, the Enemy of mankind would tempt in vain. How ready are we to see this self-love in others! How loth to see and own it, lurking in our own hearts! Let us honestly stand open, here, to the silent, though clear intimations of heavenly wisdom, and be strictly on our guard against every appearance of evil of this kind; and, then, the Almighty, who beholdeth the proud afar off, but giveth grace to the humble, will delight to bless us; He will discover to us our enemy in all his wily approaches; and in vain will the snare be laid for the child that is on its guard. Delightful simplicity! offspring of humility, resignation, and confidence in His help, who never forsook His children, or sent them to the

house of a stranger to beg their bread. Nor do I desire that I and mine may possess more than this. The heart, fully possessed of this, is the Prodigal got home under the shelter of his Father's roof, and secure in His Almighty protection. That we live, move and have our being, in its Author; that He is the continual Preserver of the being He hath given us, the Source of every blessing of every kind we enjoy; that man possesses nothing independent of the Almighty, but his folly and corruptions;—are truths clearly demonstrable by the light of reason. But will this demonstration give the heart that possession of them, which may render it tranquil and happy? By no means. The World swarms with knowing Philosophers, who continue miserable for want of learning of Him who was meek and lowly of heart; who, Infinite in wisdom and power, is also essential mercy and goodness; who waits, who longs, to give His creatures the knowledge of His salvation. The only terms, insisted on, are obedience to His laws, expressed by the "easy yoke;" and a willingness to serve and love Him, by the "light burden."

My heart blesses, reverently blesses, the Holy Name of Infinite Love and Mercy, who hath enabled me to set my seal to these truths. From the moment I was made willing to endeavour to live a life of order, I was never called to part with any pleasure or advantage, which could add to my stock of happiness; or to the discharge of any duty, but what actually added to it. I have often clearly seen the vanity of worldly wisdom and self-dependence, by comparing the life of the worldly wise to that of animals:—the latter,

simple and perfect as they came out of the hands of their Creator, are fed and clothed by Him; they simply do what His wisdom, in that way which is called Instinct, engages and directs them to do; their necessities are thus, provided for; and they are safe and happy in a way suitable to their nature. But man is proud; man is artful, malicious, envious, and unkind. He refuses to submit to the laws of the family; sets up a separate footing of self-interest and self-wisdom; sets his Great Father at defiance, or forgets he hath such a Father. He is, therefore, unblest, and, without repenting and returning, must be everlastingly so; for, sowing to the wind, he must reap the whirlwind. Where Christianity hath had its due effect on the heart, the vile affections are extirpated, and we are brought to a practical acknowledgment of our Heavenly Father, by a life of continual dependence on Him. The mysteries of this life are learned, in proportion to our humility and labouring after obedience to His will.

I write, my dear, what comes into my mind;—my paper is full; news &c. I leave to thy sisters;—and shall now take my leave; wishing you may try to live in that spirit which the Apostle directs:—Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, or any praise, think of these things.

With love to thy husband, I remain

Thy affectionate father

W. Cookworthy.

More was intended by this letter, than meets the eye of the casual observer. A considerable part, evidently, is not confined to its more immediate purpose. That part, under cover of general remarks and of long experience, was certainly intended for the benefit of Dr. Hobson. He had been tainted, at Edinburgh, by the Scotch Philosophy ; and he was, in this letter, indirectly and gently called on to reconsider his notions.

The marriage did not last long. Dr. Hobson died after a short time ; and then, his widow, with her only child, a lovely girl and, strange to say, of the most perfect form, my grandfather said, that he ever beheld, returned to the paternal roof, and to the Religious Society, from which her marriage had estranged her. She was thoroughly attached to her father and family ; had great attractions for young people, whom she well knew how to entertain ; and had a shrewdness of detecting all kinds of imposture, which no ingenuity could baffle. She bore her sorrows with exemplary firmness ; having lost her only child at an early age. When she died in 1809, her nephew Francis, at the side of her grave, pronounced her, "a lowly follower of her Lord, at whose feet she had long sat, and whose blessed words might well be applied to her ;—'Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her.'"

Before her elopement, my grandfather, in order to relieve his family from the confinement to a narrow street in a sea-port, had begun to take them in the spring and summer months to a country lodging at

Fleet, the family seat of the Bulteels near Sequer's bridge, on the road from Plymouth to Modbury. The lodging did not afford very roomy accommodation. But this was a trifle to young people escaped from the dirt and imprisonment of a town, and bursting with enjoyment amidst the notes of birds, and the charms of wild flowers and hedge-rows and scenery, some of the loveliest, even in the lovely county of Devon.

The present generation vaunts of this "enlightened age;" and of its progress in refinement and in arts and sciences. Its like progress in the Art of arts, the Art of Living, is not so clear. William Cookworthy cultivated that art, without neglecting what are commonly understood by arts and sciences. He held them subservient; and made it his business, to live, in all things, as near as he could to Him, who emphatically declared Himself, "The Life." Nothing cold or lifeless could, therefore, abide in his atmosphere. His children were wise to profit by his example. They clung to him with grateful affection; and warm hearts, merry souls, and simple, innocent enjoyments were theirs. The first Spring, of their excursions to Fleet, they were accompanied by a first cousin named Emma Berry. Their proceedings are described in a letter from my aunt Hobson to another first cousin, left behind in Plymouth, with whom she seems to have been carrying on some joke.

TO BETSEY FOX, PLYMOUTH.

My dear Betsey desires, I will return her thanks for her scandalous present. But blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. I say, Return thanks for a half-penny! Not I; believe me. I am sure, when I took the paper in my hand, I at least thought, it had been a shilling; at the same time, could not help admiring my Cousin's generosity. But behold, when I opened it, to my great mortification, presented to my view, a poor, lousy half-penny! To be sure, I have been very poor since I came here, with regard to cash. But there is no manner of occasion for it in this place; as there is nothing to lay out one's money in:—which, I think, is very happy upon the whole; for, when I am rich, (which is seldom the case) I am very apt to deal.

I have, this evening, had the pleasure of a letter from your brother Jem; wherein he tells me, that he has reason to believe, he shall come home much better than he went out. Nothing, that I have heard this long time, has given me more joy. Pretty letter, sure!

All our family, except Emma and I, are in bed, and, I believe, asleep. I now will follow them. To-morrow, if nothing unforseen prevents, I will tell you, how much I am taken up with my new situation; and all how, and about it. Betsey, I wish you, good night, my dear.

Thursday night, between ten and eleven o'clock.

Friday morning, almost twelve o'clock.

Just return'd from Holberton, where Lyddy and Emme have been with me, to buy meat; and a very pleasant walk we have had through woods and meadows, which are now cover'd with primroses and violets. Oh! most delightful! how sweet they smell! I can't help thinking, but my dear Bets would like to be here; even she, who is so fond of Plymouth. As for my part, I wou'dn't be back again, for a vast deal; for, I think, I am near as happy now, as my heart can wish. There is one thing wanting to complete it—(you may easily suggest what that is); I should be very glad to see my Betsey at Fleet. But one thing I must tell you, and that is, here is no lodging for you, unless you will lay to foot with me. Suke, Emm and myself sleep all together, So, rather than I will be squeezed, I chose the foot. If you will partake with me, Come and welcome.

I suppose, you expect me to give you a description of our place of abode? Well then, for once, you shan't be disappointed. The house is far from being pretty, but a good one enough for the Crew which are in it. But the walks and prospects, about it, are as fine, I think, as I ever saw. One of them is to Sequer's bridge; where we go once or twice a day. We go through an orchard, which is now in blossom. At the bottom of it, is a fine river, with trees about it. Under one of them, is a seat, which I take great delight in sitting on, as it at once affords me a charming view of hanging woods, green fields, and a smooth gliding stream. And then, over my head, I

have a concert of music from the sweet little songsters, the finest, to please me, in the world. In this seat, we can see the salmon-pool drawn; and that is fine fun. You can't think what a choice smell of cows, here is, Bets; don't you love that? and geese, pigs, fowls, horses, colts, sheep, lambs; so that, altogether, I am, as I said before, delighted. Do, come, Bets. If you don't stay one night, why, you and your Mamma, I should think, might come out in the morning in a chaise, and return at night. Do, get Aunt in the mind on't. We are all as hungry as hounds. I am now, at this present time, ready, as the saying is, to eat a man from his horse. Little Sall is grown quite hardy. So is her Mama. Now, what more shall I say, to make it agreeable to you? I believe, I might as well have left it all alone; for, I don't think, you will be able to read it. I can't help it, Betsey, for I have got a most dismal pen, and no better can I get here; so, I hope, you'll excuse it. Well! I must leave off, and go and eat something, for I am just starv'd.

Saturday morning, 8 o'clock.

I fully intended yesterday, when I left off, to take up my pen again as soon as I had din'd; but the weather being so fine, it induc'd me to walk, so by that means, my cousin was neglected. We spent the evening in the old farmer's, and fine society we had got. You can't think what a droll subject he is. He has one daughter and two sons at home. The former we are pretty great with: the latter not so; for, the eldest is a great rake; and the youngest, if

I mistake not, a great Nick. Miss Molly, for so we call the girl, brought us in, last evening, a dish of little apple and gooseberry pies, and, in the middle on't, a fine bason of cream. Was not that choice? Oh! I know, your mouth waters upon that.

I suppose, to-morrow your ladyship and cousin Betty will walk upon the Hoe, whilst we shall be marching by the side of our river. Well! Bets, do you enjoy your ships and fine folks; and I will, that while, admire the beauty of my woods and meadows. Perhaps, whilst you are hearing the noise of the sea upon the rocks, I shall, as I often do, the cooing of doves—(sweet emblem of innocence). What a pity 'tis, when one thinks on't, to kill them! I can truly say, that I think green fields and shady groves, and crystal springs, and larks and thrushes pretty things.

I must now desire you will present my duty to my uncle and aunt, and love to my cousins Berry and Betty. I have one request more to make, and that is, that you will send a long letter to

Your affectionate cousin

M. Cookworthy.

P. S. Love to my cousin Colliers, and Polly Fillis, if you please.

The invitation seems to have partly succeeded, from what appears in the next letter from the same pen.

TO BETSEY FOX, PLYMOUTH.

Fleet, Sunday evening.

DEAR COUSIN,

I fully intended writing thee by Robin last week, but was prevented by the company of Suey Brown, and thee must be contented with a short epistle now, as she and her brother Hingston have been with us all the afternoon; which has entirely defeated my purpose of writing a long one. We have had a Meeting here, both fore and afternoon. At the former, we had no company but ourselves. At the latter, we had the above addition; and that was all. Papa pray'd in the morning, and both preach'd and pray'd in the afternoon. He is going to see George Prideaux to-morrow, and returns in the ev'ning. Tuesday, if nothing prevents, he will be at Plymouth, and, on Wednesday night, at Fleet again, as he thinks Lyddy, though she is vastly mended since you were here, is not fit to be left longer than one night. If thee remember, she is apt to relapse; and if that should be the case, which, I hope for her sake, will not, Papa's presence would be absolutely necessary.

I hope you got safe home. I make no doubt, but thee wert fine and sore, the next day, with that great jumping horse. Poor soul! I pitied thee, when I saw thee climb up on it.

I must tell thee one thing, before I conclude my scrawl; and that is, Suke and I kept up the shuttle-

cock, six hundred and forty times. Lyddy and Suke join me in duty and love, where due. Believe me to be

Thy truly affectionate cousin,

M. Cookworthy.

P. S. I intend to write my dear Emme, ere long, as does Suke. We have expected Aunt Fox here, these several days. Why is she such a prodigious woman, to disappoint one so?

While the lively writer was seated under the tree, by the river side, my mother would be hard by, dancing on the turf, or singing "The Lass of Patie's Mill," or perchance, what was more suited to the place and season, another favourite song, which I have never heard from any lips but her own.

SONG.

1.

'Twas in the bloom of May,
When odours breath'd around,
The nymphs were blithe and gay,
And all with mirth abound;
That happily I stray'd
To view my fleecy care,
Where I beheld a maid,
What mortal e'er so fair!
What mortal e'er so fair!

2.

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw,
Which such a face did shade,
As Phœbus never saw.
Her hair of nut-brown hue
A round ear'd coif conceal'd,
Which to my pleased view
A sportive breeze reveal'd,
A sportive breeze reveal'd.

3.

Around her slender waist
A scrip embroider'd hung;
The lute her fingers grac'd,
Accompanied by a song;
With such a pleasing note
Cassano might regale,
Or Philomela's throat
That warbles through the vale,
That warbles through the vale.

4.

Not long I stood to view,
  Struck with her heav'nly air;
I to the charmer flew,
  And caught the yielding fair.

Hear this, ye scornful belles,
  And milder ways pursue;
She, that in charms excels,
  Excels in kindness too,
  Excels in kindness too.

For their father, the place had a further attraction. He was an expert angler. The river Erme, described in my aunt's letter, was a trout stream. Along this river, he used, year after year, to follow his favourite sport. When his younger grandson was old enough to be his companion, he was honoured with the duty of carrying the landing net and fishing basket; and, here, they whiled away many an hour together, heedless of the passing time. The house stands on an eminence commanding a view of the stream, which runs at the bottom, in front of the hanging woods on the opposite slope. From that eminence, my mother and her sisters, wearied with waiting for the return of the anglers, have, many and many a time, in vain waved handkerchiefs and made other signals implying, "The dinner waits, and we are tir'd." But was the reply, "Quoth Gilpin, So am I"? Nothing of the kind. "Don't see them, Franky—let us stop a little longer—we can't leave the fish, while they're rising so fast." That was the keen old sportsman's answer to his youthful attendant's hint of the signal.

On one occasion, the first of the family, who went to Fleet for the season, were my aunt Hobson, then a widow, her daughter, and my mother. They took with them the maid-servant, Molly King, and some

cold provisions for a beginning; and were also accompanied by Wolcot. Having arrived at a pretty early hour, they were bent on a ramble before dinner. Nothing, however, could persuade Wolcot to go with them; and, after bantering him to no purpose on his laziness, they were forced to start without a squire; and left the servant to unpack in their absence, and make ready against their return. After some hours of enjoyment in the woods, they found, on reaching the house, that all their food was in confusion, scarcely fit to be used, and the servant in great dismay. She said; that Mr. Wolcot would pull it about, and eat, in spite of all her endeavours to prevent him:—that he had then gone away laughing, and had left a piece of paper for them. Upon this paper, they found written;

Folks that are lean, may hop like fleas,
And travel whereso'er they please;
But I, who am as big's a tun,
Must find it hard to walk or run.
I, therefore, have compos'd this card,
To say that I have labour'd hard
To eat the beef, and to devour
The pie, which was confounded sour;
And that I'm gone t' escape a rattling
From Sukey and the Widow Wadling.

People have been surprised that a man of Wolcot's coarse, indolent, and selfish habits should ever have found a seat at my grandfather's table. But, in the first place, he had been bred a medical man; and this was, probably, his passport to the Chemist and

Druggist. He had, besides, a fund of humour, and was stored with diverting tales about the Cornish and Devonshire common folks; who were wont to call him, "Maister Ould Cat," and gaped, with wonder and delight, at his account of a Cherub which he pretended to have caught, and tamed, and kept in a cage, in Jamaica, when, after having been ordained by the Bishop of London, he went thither, in the double capacity of "soul-curer" and "body-curer," in the train of Sir Harry Trelawney, the newly appointed Governor.

Such tales found ready listeners, wherever he visited. William Cookworthy was not the man to form an exception. He was the exception, indeed, in the rule,

Noscitur à socio, qui non dignoscitur ex se.*

Like his Divine Master, he could be the "friend of publicans and sinners;" not to be degraded to their level, but to raise them to a respect for virtue. He was, moreover, like his daughter Lydia, well able to give Peter, a Rowland for his Oliver; and was, to a certainty, the person who furnished him with the original tale of "The Country Bumpkin and the Rasor-Seller," beginning

A fellow in a market-town,
Most musical, cried rasors up and down;
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence.

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* He, who has no character of his own, bears that of the company which he keeps.

Peter's tale of "The Pilgrims and the Peas," ending,

> To walk a little more at ease,
> I took the liberty to boil my peas;

fared, like other witticisms of his, which were sure to be retorted on him, whenever there was fair opportunity. He had had a present of a couple of ducks; and, leading a sort of make-shift life, was at his wits' end, how to secure the good eating, at the least possible expense for cookery. At last, he bethought him of sending them to the bakehouse. This was enough for my aunt Hobson. The next time she met him, she accosted him with, "So, Mr. Jack, I hear, you took the liberty to bake your ducks."

In voice, in look, in person, and in similarity of character, John Wolcot was, perhaps, better qualified, than any other man of his day, to personate Falstaff. He has set my grandfather's "table in a roar," many a time, with his reading of Shakspeare's Plays of "Henry the Fourth" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." They were not lost upon his host.

When Peter was pushing his jokes before the females too far, he would check himself at my grandfather's approach, and cry, "Hullo! here comes Will Swedenborg."

But he had also a taste for the fine arts. He was the first to notice Opie. He brought him to Nut Street; and set him to paint the portrait of my grandfather, which was admitted to be the best likeness preserved of him. It was not his speaking likeness, which would have been all life and fire. It is his

thinking likeness, which is very different. And yet, when the rays of the setting sun shed their softened light over the features, as they do, for several days, twice in the year, at a late and early period, where the portrait hangs in my present dining room, it is difficult to believe the countenance to be any, but that of a living man in the calm repose of a mighty mind.

The science of Astronomy was one in which my grandfather took much pleasure. His gratification may, therefore, be well imagined, when Captain Cook, accompanied by Sir Joseph then Mr. Banks, and Dr. Solander became his guests, immediately before they started on the Captain's first voyage round the World; a voyage, which had for its immediate object, the observation of the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, from the island of Otaheité, as it was then written. The youthful Otaheitan, Omai, whom the party brought back with them, was also a guest at my grandfather's, after their return, and afforded him a rich opportunity of enlarging the sphere of his knowledge of human nature.

The removal of the Porcelain manufacture to Bristol in 1774, and the consequent transfer of the patent obtained by him in conjunction with Lord Camelford, having taken him to that city, he wrote a letter, from it, to his brother Philip's only daughter, who, it seems, had been soliciting his presence at her approaching nuptials with George Prideaux. The letter, also, gives an idea of the rate of travelling in those days.

TO ANNA COOKWORTHY, PLYMOUTH.

Bristol, 4th day, 10 o'clock.

My dear Cousin,

When I wrote my last to thy father, I hoped to have left this city, last second day: but such hath been the nature of the affair which detains me here, that though I have endeavour'd, to the utmost of my power, to get it completed, I cannot yet succeed. The attorney assures me, that we shall have everything ready by next 5th day: and, if he is as good as his word, we shall finish our matters that evening, or the next day at farthest. And then, if health permits, I shall set out in the Machine, second day morning, and reach Plymouth on fourth day.

I am heartily disposed to shew every mark of respect to a niece so sincerely and justly esteemed by me; and it hath been one source of anxiety and vexation to me, that I have been so long detained here: but there is really a necessity for my closing our affair, before I leave this city. When this is done, I shall set my face towards Plymouth with great pleasure. Not that I have any reason to complain of Bristol; for though I have had the load of important and difficult affairs on my mind, and have gone through a real fit of the gout besides, I have been helped through all, in the enjoyment of calm spirits and inward satisfaction.

I have a budget full of interesting matter for your entertainment at my return. I have not had the least reason to complain of R. Champion's behaviour; and all my acquaintance, at Bristol, have shewn me much

kindness and respect; and, on the whole, my time hath been spent agreeably amongst them, all things considered. For, considering my attention to China-wares, the closing of my business with R. Champion, the settling the lovers' matters,* which were in a much worse situation than we imagined; all this, and the attending Meetings, have made the last month the busiest one to me, that I have known for many years. But quiet dependence is sufficient to carry us, safely and well, through all those things in which Providence engages us. Let this be an encouragement to my dear niece, through every difficulty she may meet with. Let us but determine in all things to do our duty, depending only on Him who is Mighty to help; and nothing, that can befall us, can be hurtful to us. Let us learn to despise the superficial judgments of a World that looks only at the things that are seen; which renders all its specious wisdom, foolishness in reality. Let the attainment and possession of a conscience, void of offence, regulate us in all our views and pursuits; and let us implore the help of the Great Father, and steadily wait for it, through the whole course of our conduct; and we shall know that blessing, which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it, to rest on our hearts and houses.

Farewell, my dear cousin; and farewell, all my dear friends. I am hastening to Meeting.

W. COOKWORTHY.

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* See p. 84.

He had another youthful correspondent in an inhabitant of the same city, who had been led, by the charms of his conversation, to some acquaintance with Swedenborg's writings. Not that he was in the habit of pressing the subject. In his letters which have been preserved, the name occurs only once. Yet still he shrunk not from inquiry. "From him that would borrow of him, he turned not away." In the present instance, he certainly made an impression; for, my aunt Fox, in a letter to my mother some years afterwards, after adverting to Swedenborg, adds, "Hetty Tuckett is quite delighted with it, and says, the author's works have been of more service to her, than any other serious books she ever read, the Bible excepted."

To this Hetty Tuckett, then Esther Champion, my grandfather wrote, the year before, as follows:

TO ESTHER CHAMPION, BRISTOL.

Plymouth, 8th of 8th Mo. 1773.

I have hopes, my dear friend, that thy inclination to write to me was right; as, since I received thy letter, my heart has been, frequently, deeply engaged on thy account. It gave me a tender joy, to find that I had, in any degree, been instrumental to thy advantage, in the best regards; and I felicitate thee on thy being sensible of this advantage; as a heart turned in good earnest to God, as the source of all true peace and real happiness, should ever be

numbered among his greatest blessings. Regard, therefore, this disposition of mind, as everlasting love to thee, and nourish it in thy heart by the deepest thankfulness. And that this is a truth, to which thou ought seriously and gratefully to attend, receive the evidence of His own words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." To be distinguished from the generality of mankind, who are lost amongst the vanities of the things of Time, by the eye turned towards the heavenly inheritance, is an honourable distinction! It is, indeed, the fountain of all true honour, which all those will assuredly attain, who, weary and heavy laden, hear and follow the tender call, "Come unto Me," and are diligent to learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. I have a strong persuasion in my heart, that He hath allured thee into this School; and shewn thee, not only that these dispositions of soul are the way to peace, but that they will render our conduct wise and beautiful. Let this, therefore, be the lesson of every day, yea, of every moment; looking steadily to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift, for ability to govern every motion of thy heart by it; and thou wilt find that this humble sense of thy wants will draw down all needful supply; and in His meek spirit, thou wilt meet with His Almighty power, to give thee victory over all thy enemies, and make His yoke easy and His burden light. My heart overflows with gratitude, under the consideration of the lightness of His yoke; for, what is it but being restrained from indulging our corrup-

tions and our follies? It is, in reality, being eased of those weights and burdens, and that sin which so easily besets us, which render the lives of poor mankind a miserable slavery. For, knowing nothing of the glorious liberty of the children of God, whilst they are promising themselves liberty, they are the slaves of corruption. Loaded and benumbed by this slavery, they are unfitted for every good word and work; and what is their reasonable service, appears a heavy burden. But it is not thus with those who have attained, or are labouring after the attainment of, true peace and liberty. To do the will of their Heavenly Father, they know, they feel to be their greatest happiness and highest honour. In their religious exercises, or discharge of their other duties —"Oh! what a weariness it is!" is never the language of their hearts. They feel that the employing of their talents and abilities in fulfilling the will of the Great Giver, is the only worthy employment of them: and the testimony of a good conscience in regard to their motives, and the sense of help, from above, accompanying them, and the smiles of a Merciful Father encouraging and rewarding their humble labours, render the burden of duty light.

The consideration of the Infinite Almighty One, in calling such poor worms to be co-workers with Him; the experience they have had of His goodness and tender mercies; and the clear perception, that it is His will that all should come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved, beget this cry in their hearts, "What shall I do for the Lord of Hosts?" Let us

but endeavour to keep in this way, and every thing, we meet with on our road, will be blest to us, and made the means of our growth in wisdom, and in confidence in that arm, which will support and lead us in safety through all our trials, doubts, and difficulties, weakness, and poverty. Day unto day will utter speech, and night unto night shew knowledge; and we shall know, if we follow on to know the Lord, His going forth to be prepared as the morning, and He shall come as the rain and as the latter rain on the earth. Mind not, therefore, any of these things which thou mayest suffer; but consider sufferings as honours, as lessons of wisdom, and as the permitted means of the Great General, to form such good soldiers as can endure hardships. Never endeavour to get rid of them, by the diversions of company or amusement; but consider them as calls to duty and labour; the only lawful, beneficial way of getting rid of them. And when this is honestly done, thou wilt find thy mind opened and fitted for the enjoyment of all innocent recreations, social delights, and satisfactions. For, though Religion is careful, it is not a morose, formal, or severe spirit. "Little children, love one another," is its invariable language. Innocence and simplicity make the safety, delight and ornament of every child of the family, who are thus under the continual direction and blessing of that Great Father, whose highest name is Love.

Remember me to the family, and be assured, I am affectionately thy friend

W. Cookworthy.

A young man, a member of the Society of Friends, who had served his apprenticeship in Plymouth, having formed an attachment* to Esther Champion, which ended in matrimony, my grandfather felt constrained to give him the benefit of his own views on the important state of marriage. Both of the parties, evidently, longed for his sanction.

TO P. D. TUCKETT.

Plymouth, . . 1773.

Dear Cousin,

Thy letter of the 3rd current came to hand, when I was at Germans, attending Francis Fox's funeral; and since my return, I have not, till now, found my mind in a proper disposition to answer it.

I can say, with great truth, that from the time of thy coming to Plymouth, I have had an affectionate regard for thee, and very warm desires for thy welfare. Thou hast always appeared to me as a young man of a good disposition, and a strong turn of mind towards virtue and religion;—which hath encouraged me to hope, that thou would'st become a worthy man and a useful member of society.

I have not the least thing in my heart, against thy connexion with E. C., for whom I have a sincere and affectionate regard, as a young woman of great innocence, meekness, and sweetness of disposition.

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* See p. 79.

And if she continues a steady traveller in the path in which Providence hath set her feet, I have not the least doubt but she will discharge, with propriety, the duties of the conjugal state, and, in all the relations and concerns of it, prove a true help-meet and blessing to thee. This judgment is grounded on a presumption, that she hath been favoured with a sense of that blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow; which hath clearly satisfied her mind, that all things under the sun, as the means of contentment and felicity to an immortal spirit, without the gifts of His blessing, have vanity and vexation of spirit ever inscribed upon them. As this is my sincere judgment of thy friend's character, I shall expect a spirit in her conduct, different, very different, from that of women in a common way; and to her own peril be it, if she disappoints me. I will not allow it to order her economy and way of life. Custom is the law of fools. She knows, the Divine Will is, at once, our law and help; and that our wisdom consists in putting the whole of our life under this direction; and our strength and success are, as we seek ability and support from Him who is mighty, and able to save to the utmost. It is impossible for us to extend this principle too far; as our life will be wise and happy, just in proportion as we extend it. It dignifies every state, that Infinite Wisdom may please to dispense to us. Under its influence, the lowest state, by calling on us for the exercise of greater degrees of patience and resignation to the allotments of Unerring Wisdom, raises us into actual elevation:

whilst, without it, the post-chaise, the coach, the fine furniture, and the gay, fashionable life, have, in truth, no claim to a higher name than splendid baubles. It is a pitiable thing, that this truth is not enough attended to, by many religious people, who appear to content themselves with the discharge of what are called religious duties, as the whole of religion; and thus, while they appear to be strictly pious, order their lives, not by the wisdom of Christianity, but in the common style of the world. I give my pen a loose upon this subject. It is a very important one to you both.

It may, possibly, make some clear views, that may have offered themselves to my kind E. C. more clear; and tend to render some good resolutions she may have made, more strong.

In regard to thyself, I make no doubt, thou takest it for granted, that the happiness of thy life is now settled on a sure basis. 'Tis quite natural for young men in thy situation so to think. The illusion is pleasing; and thou may'st possibly complain of it, as an unkindness, to be awaked from this dream of happiness. Happiness can only be the offspring of the fear of God, and that care, calmness, moderation, and diligence, which will ever attend it. To secure this happiness, thou must consider the state into which thou art about to enter, as requiring thy constant endeavour to behave with the utmost love, tenderness, and attention to thy partner. Meekness and moderation are necessary to the discharge of these important duties. The most amiable dis-

position, the most assiduous love, and consummate prudence of a loving tender wife, never yet secured suitable returns from her partner. 'Tis all indeed she can do; and in discharging her duty, she will receive the approbation of Heaven. If thou would'st be a kind husband, watch against the spirit of the world, as a man of business; for, without great care, ability and success, with the honour which the world plentifully pours, in appearance at least, on the able and successful, are what are too apt to seduce from humility and simplicity of heart. Regard business, as it stands in the Divine order; the means of exercising honesty and beneficence, and the making of a comfortable and decent provision for thy family. Let all thy views tend to this point; and look up steadily to Heaven for direction, and all will be right, and the blessing of God will be found on all that thou doest. Thou wilt then be a truly able tradesman, and wilt be sure of meeting with the success that, Providence sees, is best for thee. Thou hast great cause to be thankful for the Providential care that hath hitherto been over thee. The way to secure it in future, is to guard against elation of mind and self-dependence. Humility ever goes before honour; and true humility is founded in Religion, and the knowledge of God and of ourselves. Thou hast tasted of the good of Religion. Cultivate this experience, and rest assured that true wisdom is attained by this cultivation. It is very likely, I may be at Bristol, early in the spring; by which time, 'tis likely your

affairs may be closed. I sincerely wish you every happiness, and remain

Thy affectionate kinsman

W. Cookworthy.

And shortly before the marriage, he again addresses the bride elect.

TO ESTHER CHAMPION.

Plymo., 2nd. Mo. 6th., 1774.

My dear friend,

Before this will reach thy hands, thou wilt have learnt that my family hath been in a distressed situation. My daughter Hobson continues in a poor weak state; and my daughter Fox, though bravely recovered, is not without her trials. Her Franky is taken ill of the same disorder; but as the seizure is moderate, and without alarming symptoms, we hope, he will do well. She behaves on this, and on every other occasion, like one who hath been inured to affliction, and whom experience hath taught where to apply, for support and ability rightly to go through every trial and difficulty, that Providence permits to be in her way. I have been particular in giving thee this account of my family concerns, as thou standest numbered amongst the friends of my heart.

I cannot well close this letter, without giving thee a serious word of encouragement, which, I have a

strong hope, thou hast a right to, and some persuasion, thou mayest want. My hope is, that thou hast seen the vanity of founding happiness, gratification and safety on the things that are seen, or on that wisdom which is from beneath :—that the real happiness and true wisdom of man, ever goes hand in hand with our endeavouring to do what is right in the sight of God, independent of the weak judgment of poor erring mortals whose inheritance is below. The Lord has, I hope, given thee a large portion of that other spirit which was in Caleb ; and set thee to labour to follow Him fully. Be very thankful for this disposition ; and be assured, as thou art preserved in innocence and integrity, He will support thee in thy journey thro' the wilderness : and every labour and every difficulty will contribute to establish thy trust in Him, until thou hast strength and valour, clearly to say, "We can well go up. What matters the strength or stature of our enemies, the height of the walls of their city? What matters our own weakness, while the Lord our God is with us, and it is in His arm which setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power, that we confide?"—All of His creatures partake of His care, and His whole workmanship loudly proclaims, that His goodness and His wisdom are ever omnipotently at work to enable every creature to fulfil the end of its creation. And shall it be deficient in men and women, of another heart, who are trusting to His help, to follow Him fully? Shall His will be established in the lower order of His creatures ; and shall not He, who is Mighty to save,

accomplish it in the highest, noblest part of His work, whom He created to be partakers of His holiness and heirs of eternal bliss? Shall that be the great end of all that stupendous display of Infinite bounty, wisdom, and power, through His glorious works in heaven above, or earth beneath? and shall this end be defeated in those who, above all things, desire that the Lord may be their God, and trust in Him alone? 'Tis an absurd lie. 'Tis the blasphemy of hell, that would discourage us from confidence that we can well go up because the Lord is with us. Let the fruit of the good land, which we have pluck'd beyond the brook Eshcol, encourage us; and, if we are called to it, strengthen us to encourage others; for, it is a dark and gloomy day, and innocent, determined travellers of every name want encouragement.

Farewell, my dear friend, and believe, I am sincerely thine

W. Cookworthy.

These were, surely, the words of a man who spake not as the Scribes and Pharisees, but as one having authority.

Neither does he lose sight of his female correspondent, in consequence of her marriage. She had a refined mind, and that was attraction enough for him. He, accordingly, thus answers a letter from her husband.

TO P. D. TUCKETT, BRISTOL.

Plymouth, 1st. Mo., 17—1775.

—— Thy wife is always kind to me; and I value her kindness, as I really esteem and love her; and as hers is the most early invitation I have received, she may depend that this, with the pleasure I have in hers and all your conversation, will secure me for her guest. I opened the matter to which thou referrest, in the softest manner I could, to Friend Ducket. He declined receiving any thing: but I thought, I felt that the attention of his friends gave him a tender pleasure.

Again, at the same date;—mark the gallant old gentleman's care of female feelings.

TO P. D. TUCKETT, BRISTOL.

Plymouth, 1st. Mo. 17th, 1775.

—— I have an apology to make to my cousin Hetty, for not answering her letter relating to . . . . I set out for Exeter just on my receiving it; and cousin Betsey Fox acquainting me that she was about to write to Hetty, I desired her to signify to her friend, my readiness to concur with her friends in the proposal; and as the intention of my cousin's

letter was fully answered, I thought this would do. But whenever I have looked at it since, it hath always appeared to me as a shortness, as thy wife might possibly construe it into something like neglecting her; and to be conscious of having given her the least pain on this account would be painful to me. So, desire her never to suspect me of any such disposition, either on this or any future occasion. For, whilst she continues the same woman I have for some years esteemed her to be, she may be assured of possessing a warm place in my heart.

I am surrounded, whilst I am writing, by a large number of your friends, viz. Polly Beck and all my children and grandchildren, who all join in love to thy whole self, with

Thy affectionate Cousin
W. Cookworthy.

On his return from Bristol, he stopped in Exeter, and wrote

TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

Exeter, 4th Mo., 13th.

—— I had very poor rest last night, which must excuse the great sameness of this letter. But don't think, this hinders me from being warmly affected towards you, and my deep desires that you may be truly blest. Truly blessed and happy you will be, if you make suitable returns to the Good Father, who hath given you, all, feeling hearts and minds suffi-

ciently enlightened. Regard these favours with the deepest, the most reverent thankfulness. Let the importance of the journey we are set out on, and its awful termination, be ever before you, so as to chasten your spirits, and ever to keep in your view the great end of all the Divine bounties and mercies towards you. Use your talents and faculties according to your best sense of the intention of the Donor, in bestowing them on you. Live in a sense of the continual need you stand in, of help and blessing from above; and you will find it to be the salt and best cordial of your hearts. Almighty protection will, then, preserve you in safety, amidst the snares, and from the dangers of a world that lies in wickedness. That you may have your eyes opened to see them, under all their flattering delusive appearances; and minds girded up by the fear of God, and instructed by superior wisdom to resist and escape them, is my fervent desire. And a full conviction, that you were all thus engaged, would give me joy, too big for utterance.

The Lord our God hath done much for you. Be you, in all things, zealous for His honour, and just to yourselves.—Give my dear love to Billy and Franky, and to my dear nephew Philip, as well as to my brother, his family, and all our other relations. I must now stay here, over Second day. Farewell, my dear children.

I am

Your affectionate father

W. COOKWORTHY.

The marked notice of Philip the nephew, without any mention of his father, in this letter, shews that Philip the brother and partner, was then dead. He was a man *emunctæ naris*—of a clean, sharp nose, and could see through a deal board as far as any one. My grandfather preached at the funeral, and gave him the character of "a man who had feared God and eschewed evil." The brother, mentioned in the letter, was the youngest, Benjamin. The other brother, Jacob, had no family, and was not resident in Plymouth.

CHAPTER III.

Lord St. Vincent, when Captain Jervis, was appointed, in the year 1775, to the command of the *Foudroyant*, a vessel often at anchor in Cawsand bay. Whilst there, the Captain, one day, received an invitation to dine at Mount Edgcumbe House, but was told to expect no company besides an old Quaker. "That," said the Captain, "is rather strange company for a Man of war's man; however, I'll come." The party was found to be so agreeable, that when the Captain took his leave, after the hospitalities of the mansion had been prolonged far into the night, he told his host, that when he dined there again, he wanted no company but the "old Quaker."

The old Quaker was William Cookworthy. From that time forward, the Captain lost no opportunity of resorting to my grandfather's house, or that of any of his friends, where he was to be found. They became united by the closest ties of friendship: and it was a well known remark of Lord St. Vincent's, that, "Whoever was in Mr. Cookworthy's company, was always wiser and better for having been in it."

Such were the charms of his conversation, that when his mouth was opened, all were listeners. And

although his fondness of chemical subjects would occasionally lead him into details, interesting only to persons skilled like himself, his invariable purpose was to improve others, or promote science, and not to display his own superiority; still less, to engross the conversation to himself; an offence against good breeding, of which he was incapable.

The "gallant Jervis," as the old song * calls him, bore the character of a rigid disciplinarian. But he laid down no rules for his men, from which he would have flinched hinself. Underneath the resolute spirit which was content and cheerful with the ship's allowance, when his father had dishonoured his midshipman bill, he wore a heart by no means devoid of feeling. On one occasion, while he was absent from his ship on no very urgent business, a sailor left the vessel to visit his wife and children on shore. Either in going or in returning, the man was drowned; and this accident, which, the Captain said, would not have happened, had he been aboard, smote him with a remorse which he could not soon shake off. He could not forbear reproaching himself with a neglect of duty, in needlessly leaving his ship, which led to depriving a poor family of its natural support. These were considerate feelings, not likely to be discouraged in "Mr. Cookworthy's company."

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* My name, it is Tom Tough,
And I've seen a little service;
I've sail'd with noble Howe,
And I've fought with gallant Jervis.

He took particular interest in quietly watching my grandfather's peculiarities, not for the purpose of ridicule, but of noting the involuntary emotions of an uncommon mind. They were those of a mind gradually becoming more and more absent with increase of years; yet rather to be referred to the "infant child's simplicity," and to his marvellous power of abstraction, than to any other cause. That, in the eagerness of conversation, he occasionally broke a piece of china not his own, for the purpose of discovering and exhibiting its texture, must be admitted. Occupied in like manner at table, and as if his fingers must needs sympathise with the tongue's activity, he would unwittingly sprinkle snuff into his wine glass, and then swallow the contents; or, if his own were empty, perhaps help himself to the glass of the guest who was next him. Seated, one day, at the dinner table of a nephew of his wife's, in the full tide of conversation, and becoming dry with talking, on finding no wine near him, he reached across the table, and taking Captain Jervis' glass, drained it of its contents. "Uncle!" said his host, "dost thou know—." "Hush!" interrupted the Captain, in an animated under-tone, and shaking his clenched hand, "say a word, if you dare." And my grandfather, unconscious of what had passed, went on with his conversation.

As there was nothing in this, any more than in any other part of his character, which requires concealment, a few specimens of his absence of mind may be given.

In those days, a physician's walking costume was distinguished by a gold-headed cane and a scarlet

cloak. On leaving the house of one of them in Exeter, to attend a Meeting for worship, he found rain falling; when stepping back into the house to borrow some shelter, he was equipped in the physician's cloak; and in this hue of Babylon, to the dismay of such Friends as my father used to call, "drab coloured Christians," he walked into the preachers' gallery. When the Meeting was over, he was asked, if he were aware that he had come in a scarlet cloak. But, with the utmost innocence, he replied, that he had not noticed the colour;—all he knew about it, was that it had sheltered him very comfortably from the rain.

At his own house in Nut Street, he came down stairs, one morning, dressed for Meeting in a blue coat and metal buttons. His daughter Lydia stopped him, and inquired, if he were going to Meeting in that coat. "Why not?" asked he. "It is a blue coat with metal buttons," she replied. He laughed, and told her, he had not observed it; he found that it fitted, and that was all. The fact was, the tailor had, by mistake, just sent him a new coat made for another customer, instead of the one which he had ordered.

A more grievous instance of dereliction occurred on his road to the Quarterly Meeting at Exeter. Stopping at Ashburton to refresh himself and his horse, he found, in the inn room, a work of fiction, which he took up to while away an hour; but he soon became so absorbed in reading, as to have quite forgotten the purpose of his journey; and that, so completely, that he was found still occupied with the book at the same

spot, on the following day, by the Friends who were returning from the Quarterly Meeting.

That work has done incalculable harm to many a youthful mind, not of sufficient vigour to withstand its insidiously deleterious qualities. Yet, there are, in it, strokes of humour, of shrewdness, and of feeling, exactly suited to rivet my grandfather's attention. The character of Alworthy, in particular, was one which came home to his heart; and he would, in his own pleasant way, quote other paasages too. When his friendly cautions to his less experienced acquaintance were received with a smile of incredulity, or a look of impatience at a gratuitous lecture from a preacher not on duty, he too would smile and, recalling to mind what he had read, would say in a pleasant voice, "Ah! I see how it is; 'Art'nt in pulpit now; when art got up there, I don't mind what the' zest; but I'll not be priest-ridden; I'll not be preach'd at by the'.' "

On the other hand, I cannot doubt for a moment, that his chaste mind revolted from the exploits of the trumpery hero of the tale.

By persons, only acquainted with him superficially, these ways were, of course, attributed to his connection with Swedenborg. But as Swedenborg was not, himself, an absent man, the inference may be fairly disputed in the words of Partridge, another character in the same work, also highly relished by my grandfather, "Sir, that's a Non sequitur."*

* "It does not follow."

A work of fiction, of far less exceptionable caste, was another favourite. This was "Sir Charles Grandison." My grandfather used to say, that the reading of it always brought him into good company.

Nor was he, by any means, a stranger to the adventures of the renowned "Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

He indulged occasionally in an unusual practice, which cannot be set down to the score of absence of mind. Besides the regular attendance on the Meetings for public worship in the morning and afternoon, he had been accustomed, from the year 1755, to hold a private Meeting in his own house, in the evening of the first day of the week, originally for mere family purposes. His younger friends were, however, gradually attracted to it; probably recollecting the kind interest he had taken in their welfare, when, on their return from school during the holidays, he would question them respecting their studies, and sift the extent of their knowledge in Latin or French, or, it might be, in Greek; and would give them a word of encouragement proportioned to their proficiency. In the interval betwixt the Meetings, the hands, which had been busy, all the week in the laboratory, could not hang idle; and were sometimes found occupied with making nets for fishing or other purposes. Seated near the window, and looking through it, if he descried the approach of a visitor, he would quickly roll up his netting, hurry it out of sight, and say, "Here comes one of my scrupulous Friends: I must not offend a weak brother."

With a man, who made a Sabbath of every day of the week, by labouring after that genuine rest which is only to be found in a cheerful and thorough compliance of the human will with the Divine will, in all the affections, thoughts, words and actions, every occupation, even netting, became an act of worship. But his example can be no authority to those who desecrate the Sabbath by disorderly conduct. It was a rebuke to them, and to the censorious Pharisee, alike; to all, who profane the Sabbath, no matter how, by sundering it from Him who is Lord of the Sabbath.

On his way to Meeting, he would converse cheerfully on any topic which presented itself, till he came to the very door; and, on leaving the Meeting-house, he would resume the subject where it had been interrupted. But not a thought of it had passed through his mind in the interval. To this favoured state, he, at times, adverted from the preachers' gallery; and, after noticing, how liable persons were to be troubled by unsettled thoughts, while sitting in silence, he would immediately add in an engaging tone of encouragement, "Let not any be disheartened. The time was, when I suffered too. But now, I can thankfully declare, the world and all its cares are left at the Meeting door."

His family always knew, when he was going to preach. He began, by screwing his eyes about, for several minutes:—then, he would lay his staff on the seat beside him:—and presently, after casting up a sweet confiding smile, he would rise to speak. His

services were acceptable in his own neighbourhood and the adjoining counties. He does not appear to have sought credentials for more extensive service. But, though his sermons always breathed an affectionate spirit, and were full of holy confidence and encouragement to the humble and broken-hearted, yet his efforts in this line were not always equal to the inexhaustible powers displayed by him in private and ordinary conversation. There, he stood unrivalled: his discourse, as was said of Lord Chatham's oratory, "familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom." No opportunity for doing good, escaped him. To high or low, to his friend or a stranger, the riches of his teeming mind were freely poured out, for their welfare.

Those who looked for brilliant displays in the preachers' gallery, from a man who shone so much as he did in conversation, were, however, probably disappointed with his ministry. The very simplicity of his nature would have been enough to account for the disappointment. He possibly thought, that a preacher best discharged his duty, by speaking on a level with the meanest capacity within hearing. It was the sagacious remark of a worthy Divine, that if the Saviour of the World were to reappear on Earth, he would be accounted a poor preacher; so plain and simple would be all which fell from him.

About the year 1777, my grandfather took a religious journey into Cornwall. His unpretending proceedings, his catholic spirit, and his easy narrative, free as it is from set phraseology, might all be profit-

ably copied on like occasions. They at once bespeak the Christian, the scholar, and the gentleman.

TO HIS DAUGHTER LYDIA.

Wadebridge, Fifth day evening.

Dear Lydia,

I am got thus far, safe on my journey, which has hitherto, in regard to the service of it, been to my satisfaction;—for which, I hope, I am duly thankful.

I past a peaceful and pleasant evening at cousin Brown's. They appear to me to be honest and worthy, and to fill up their place in the order of Providence, with propriety. The children appear very promising; and I hope, from my feelings, that the blessing, which makes truly rich, is over that family. The old man appears to enjoy all the advantages which attend a useful, well-spent life. His old age is green; he is healthy and vigorous; his complexion may vie with that of youth; and there is something so placid and cheerful in his countenance, that I always looked on him with pleasure. But I forget that my paper is a quarto.

Our friends at Germans were very kind. I had two satisfactory Meetings there; and as the evening Meeting did not come on till seven, I found time to spend a few agreeable hours with the worthy mistress of Port Eliot, and drank tea with her. She was extremely kind, and I had no cause to repent my visit. As the

forenoon was rainy, I did not leave Germans till the afternoon. E. Edey was in course my guide; but cousin Stephen Fox was so politely kind, that he too would accompany me. We set out in pretty hard rain. As I had nothing but my surtout, he lent me his oil-case hood, which answered very well; so that I got through a severe rain without the least inconvenience; and he hath lent me his hood through the journey.

Our friend Rundle and his wife received and treated me very kindly; and I had a tender, comfortable Meeting with the few Friends there, in the forenoon. His son-in-law, Allen, is a serious, sensible, young man; and I bespoke him for my guide to Camelford, though he had never been there. But we got there in tolerable season, yet too late for a Meeting. Indeed, I was unequal to the service, as I was fatigued, and somewhat disordered by a very troublesome heart-burn, of which I felt something the two preceding days. But it hath quite left me, and I am perfectly well.

We had a Meeting at Camelford, next morning, with two Friends who live in or near the town, and a few of the sober neighbours. We should have had a much larger company, but the people were at harvest. Though few, we were greatly favoured; and I believe several, if not most, said in their hearts, It was good that we were here. Finding my mind quite clear and easy, I and my young companion came on, and had an evening Meeting at Port Isaac. It was well attended. Among the rest, the Methodist preacher

was at it. It was an open, satisfactory Meeting, I believe, I may safely say, to all the sensible minds who attended it. My landlady behaved with her usual kindness and hospitality; and I was pleased with the Widow Billing's company, who is a sensible and, I believe, a serious, honest woman. She introduced me into the company of the Methodist preacher. Few men have pleased me more. He is the exciseman there, a very sensible man, of an unblemished character, and universally respected as a man, religious, and of integrity. His principles are large and generous; and if he hath any thing of the party spirit in him, I am persuaded, it originates from a reverence for John Wesley. I spent a pleasant hour with him, in great openness of heart; and he bore us company on our way, as far as Endillion.

I came in, here, when the family were at dinner; and a large company they were, being swelled by the addition of G. Fox Sen.r and Jun.r's wives and two of their children. They received me cordially. After dinner, I went up to cousin Edward, who had expressed an impatience to see me. I want words to express the pleasure, the sweet, tender pleasure, this worthy man's behaviour gave me. He looked cheerful and well. I expressed my pleasure at it: but at once, his loving good heart was broke into a sweet, child-like tenderness, that melted mine along with it. I will not describe the scene. It was such as thou would'st naturally imagine it to be. I had the satisfaction afterwards, to observe that his disorder had not, in the least, impaired his understanding. It is

as good as ever. Nothing is hurt, but his memory; so that he cannot, at times, hit on the names of things. He hath lately had a fit of the gout, and is recovering. I write by his bedside. When I sat down to write, he tenderly remembered to thee. Cousin Hannah is poorly. The rest of the family is well. It would have done thy heart good, to have heard the worthy husband speak of his wife. It was in the most simple language of love, from a heart that overflowed with it. Theirs, I am fully satisfied, is the very conjugal union, that Swedenborg speaks so much of. They are united in the eternal principle of pure love, and are partners for ever. But how doth the Great Father of all the families of the Earth own them as His children, in blessing them with a virtuous and worthy offspring! The Son of Peace is here: and, notwithstanding the afflictions they have pass'd through, yet I doubt not but the promise, Peace shall be in all their dwellings, is fulfilled to them.

Edward is, this moment, come in; so, I must shut up, for the present. Farewell, my dear children. May the Good Lord ever preserve you in his pure fear! May you, at all times, and for all things, look up to and depend on Him, as a Parent who is ever able, and ever willing, to protect and bless you! and, careful to keep here, you may safely leave the rest to his disposal.

Remember me to your sisters and to Franky. I hope, my poor brother is grown better, and that his

family are well. My dear love to them, and to all my other relations and friends. Farewell!

Your affectionate father

W. C.

At the end of this year, my mother's marriage took place, and removed her to a residence in the heart of London. She was accompanied, for a few months, by my aunt Lydia; when the change in his household seems naturally to have carried my grandfather's thoughts in the same direction. The Commissioners of Sick and Hurt had, for some years, been supplied with drugs &c. from his warehouse, and he wished the connection to be turned to the benefit of his son-in-law. He accordingly writes to his eldest daughter, as follows.

TO GEORGE HARRISON, NO. 19 ADDLE STREET, LONDON.
FOR L. COOKWORTHY.

Plymo, 6th day evening.

DEAR LYDIA,

I find that my intentions, in regard to George, are well received; but this matter is not yet ripe for execution. All my children may be assured that I shall be always ready to do all that I prudently can, to serve them. What that will be, I cannot yet say. My scheme was to make George my banker for the Sick and Hurt money; or, if it might be right and

would be of much advantage to him, to do more than this; as I had much rather my own children should have the advantage arising from keeping my cash, than persons indifferent to me. But, in this view, George must be considered as my banker; and any sums of money, I might have occasion to draw for, must be always ready. This is the general idea on which we must proceed; which I mention, that George may consider of it. Or, if he can point out any other way, in which I can serve him, I desire he would be quite free and let me know it; for I live for the good of my children. Theirs is the only interest in this world, that I have left.

As we have had no account from the person who hath engaged to buy the tin shreds for us, that he hath shipp'd any, George is quite prudent in desiring my directions. All I have to say, is that I wish, he would call on him, and let him know that I expected to hear from him, that he had shipp'd some shreds for us, as we shall want them soon; at the same time, to see what quantity he hath collected. We have agreed to allow him 40s. per Ton for the shreds; and, if they are well pack'd, a sugar hogshead will hold about Cwt. 9. By a proper attention to these circumstances, and an enquiry into the man's character, he will be able to judge, how far he may be trusted with money. All that I know of him is, that he applied to me as one who was employed by the persons who are agents for the Foxes, (and who have sent us large quantities of these shreds), in collecting them. I cannot recollect the names

of those agents. But, if George will call on Daniel Fossick, tinman, in Crooked Lane, he can inform him, (at the same time, I should be obliged to him for paying D. Fossick for the last parcel of shreds that he sent us).

This is a long parenthesis. But it came in my way; and my intention in recommending George to D. Fossick was, that when he knew the names of the agents the Foxes employed, he might, through them, know the man's character.

I have sometimes been tired with the detail of thy negociations among the mercers &c. But I think my own, at this time, somewhat resembles thy letters of business. I own, I want to write something more interesting and to the heart, when I write to my children; but a fertile state of mind is not at every one's command. I have been, on this occasion, very poor; but in the midst of my poverty, a hope hath livingly sprung up in, and rests on my heart, that your intentions are good, and that you would willingly act so as to keep your minds free from self-reproach and an apprehension of the Divine displeasure. If I am not deceived, you have reason to be thankful, as well as myself, that the Lord hath taken you by the hand and led you thus far. Cherish this disposition, and look on it as your greatest wisdom to follow Him, whithersoever He leads you. To be wise, is to have upright hearts and to desire that we may follow the Lord fully. And as this is your steady concern, your dwelling will be in safety and in peace, and you will grow in the knowledge and love of God, and His

blessing will rest more and more on your hearts, and you will, in the clearest demonstration, know that this real, sincere godliness is profitable to all things. A sense of Almighty favour will enhance all your blessings of every kind, and tincture every innocent enjoyment with a relish of heaven ;—and will enable you, with patience and resignation, to pass through every trial, you may be permitted to undergo. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, is a promise which hath been ever verified in the experience of those who have chosen the Lord for their portion and the lot of their inheritance. To possess His love, is the only measure that can render us truly blest. Without this blessing, the largest outward possessions are vanity and emptiness, at best: and with it, we can want nothing that Unerring Wisdom sees best for us. He will never forget His children; and He will especially do them good, in teaching them submission to His holy will in all things.

My heart, I hope, is near you. May the Ever wakeful Watchman watch over you, and preserve your hearts in His fear; and ever keep you in mind, that whilst you are looking to Him for preservation, you are safe; and whilst you lean on Him for wisdom, you will be kept in the paths of Truth and Peace.

I remain

Your affectionate father

W. Cookworthy.

The portion of this letter, which relates to business, has not been withholden, in order to show that the same prudence, regularity and diligence ruled in the man's worldly affairs, as were found in the discharge of what are usually considered religious duties. In him, the two formed one whole; the temporal subordinate to the spiritual.

. . . Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto.*

Another letter follows, on the same subject,

TO HIS DAUGHTER LYDIA.

Dear Lydia,

Thou judgest rightly of the effects of old age on thy father. I am thankful that I find ability to discharge my necessary duties, but have none to bestow in the way of unnecessary expense. I could once have filled a sheet as expeditiously as the best of you; but the days of fancy and invention are over with me; which I am far from regretting.

I am pleased to find Sukey in a way that will take away reproach from poor George. At the same time, I own that I have but a very low opinion of the wit of those jokers who seem to think that the highest merit of man is the propagation of his species.

'Tis impossible to make a tolerably accurate statement of our next bill with The Sick and Hurt. Our last year's bill was nearly 7 hundred pounds; and it hath been more in proportion, this year. As I

* From his first entrance, to the closing scene,
Let him an equal character maintain.—*Francis.*

have George's advantage in view, in the proposed scheme, he may be assured I shall contrive to manage every part of it accordingly, and shall never draw a bill on him at less than 30 days, or when he hath not sufficient cash of ours in his hands.

The person, who collects the tin shreds, hath advised me of having sent to the wharf to the amount of £4 6s 0 in that article, so that he is about 3 guineas in advance; supposing the quantity by him to be equal to that sent to the wharf. I think, in future, it will be the best way for him to give in his bill of parcels to George, when the shreds are sent to the wharf; by which means, he may know how the account stands with him, and manage accordingly. We must advance some money to him to purchase the shreds, but must be careful not to let him run too far a head, that George may not do this business to his disadvantage. I have given him a draught on the other side on Brown and Collison for £20.

I am quite pleased with thy sending the Translation to Cousin Marshman's. I am afraid Coz. Berry hath drank so long of the old wine, that he will disrelish the new. Possibly, this may not be the case with James, as, I think, he hath more liberality of sentiment. But I leave the remainder of the sheet to Sally.

I am

Your affectionate father

W. C.

The other side is dated by my aunt Fox, Plym^{o} 29th May, 1778.

Some surprise may be caused by details of business having been sent to my aunt Lydia, rather than to my father, the person more directly concerned; but my grandfather had had long experience of his daughter's qualification for business and of her attention to his affairs, especially after the death of his brother; and as he had had none of his son-in-law's, he evidently wished to try him under her eye.

The old man appears now to have reached that happy state, when he could say with his Lord and Master, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." The crash, which took place in London, as part of the consequences of the American war, for which the country had been eager at first, stuns him not, and thus writes the conquering hero:

TO P. D. TUCKETT, BRISTOL.

Plymo. 6th Mo. 1778.

DEAR COUSIN,

I hope the business, recommended to thy care on the other side, will not be attended with any difficulty.

My Lydia is returned from London. She gives a very gloomy account of the situation of things there, respecting the commercial part of the inhabitants. But neither this, nor the alarming state of public affairs disquiet me. 'Tis the necessary result of the views and pursuits, both of the great vulgar and the small. I call all vulgar, who live only to time, and idolize their own wisdom, as the Oracle that can direct them

how to secure their happiness in it. The harvest of this husbandry seems to be at hand, when, by reaping the whirlwind, they will be taught by experience, that they have sown to the wind.

The Lord doth not, willingly, afflict the children of men. But the dream of the world keeps them so sound asleep, that much suffering and distress can alone waken them. Happy will it be for England, to be awakened. But be that as it may, the present crisis is replete with instruction to the awakened and attentive. It proclaims, with the voice of a trumpet, that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and ought to impress our minds with an abhorrence of every offspring of this wisdom, as poison to our happiness in every view. Inward tranquillity and genuine self-enjoyment are the concomitants and reward of simplicity of heart and reliance on Divine Wisdom and Providence, outwardly and inwardly. This lesson is taught to demonstration, by the present state of things; which will be highly beneficial to those who are willing to learn and practise it; and their houses will be pass'd over by the destroying angel. Their defence will be the munition of rocks; bread will be given them; and their waters will not fail.

With dear love to Hetty and Sally and thy whole family, I remain

Thy affectionate kinsman

W. Cookworthy.

In such a frame of mind he was well able to uphold and comfort them who suffered. He neither indulged in an enervating, depressing sympathy on the one hand, nor did he seek to harden the sufferer to a sort of necessary martyrdom on the other. He took the manly, Christian view of all occurrences, and wrote to the afflicted in the following style.

Plymo., 7th Mo. 19th, 1778.

—— You have at Plymouth, friends who deeply sympathise with you; to whom thy last two letters have given great pleasure, as they shew us, thou hast been wise to take refuge in Him who is a present help in every time of trouble. If our eyes are opened, we shall clearly see that affliction springs not from the dust, nor does sorrow grow out of the ground; but that they are permitted to befall us for the most merciful ends. We cannot be truly happy and at rest, but through an entire dependence on our common Father. To bring us home to Him, and into a dependence still closer and closer, till we can truly say, "the life that I now live, is by faith in the Son of God," is the gracious end of all His dealings with us.

Our attachment to outward things, our connections with this world, make this a difficult not a painful lesson. It is difficult, as it requires a constant, inward attention, from which this world, if we are not strictly on our guard, is constantly seducing us.

It is not painful, inasmuch as our diligence in endeavouring to learn it, is always rewarded with an increase of peace and liberty of soul. From a heart deeply sympathising, I speak to you all three. The Lord, in great mercy, hath visited you. He hath been alluring you into the school of wisdom. But now He is loudly calling you into it; and I am persuaded, nothing but a full obedience to His call can give you ease. If my feelings deceive me not, this call continues loud. Labour to be resigned and quiet, and suffer Providence to work in His own way. And in your remaining trials,—for such, I fear, you must expect,—labour to know your dwelling to be in that Munition of Rocks, where your bread will be sure, and your waters will not fail:—and the heavenly nourishment will yield you a sacred strength and support, enabling you to pass through your difficulties, with that degree of ease that is best for you. Oh! consider, Who said the very hairs of your head are numbered; and be assured, you can never understand these words, in a sense too unbounded. You know it: take care that you do not know it in vain. But, in every anxiety, let this be the language of your heart, "Why art thou cast down, Oh! my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Trust thou in God."

As I cordially love you, my earnest desire is, that the present suffering time may be attended with the best consequences to you. And if you receive it rightly, and make a due use of it, I have not the least

doubt, but you will have cause to say, "It was good for me that I was afflicted."

I tenderly salute you, and remain

Thy affectionate kinsman

W. COOKWORTHY.

CHAPTER IV.

The publication of the Translation of Swedenborg's work on Heaven and Hell, in this year, took my grandfather to the Metropolis for the last time. As he walked with my father through Cornhill, on his way to the bookseller's, he could not forbear being diverted with the translation of such a work having been made and published by a Public Friend. He joked about his being taken to task for it, and being asked, What he really was. He chuckled at the notion of answering for himself, in the words of the showman of a nondescript odd fish, which they had been to see the day before;—"Some say he's a grampus, and some a porpoise, but for my part I don't know what he is."

Either on his road to London, or in returning, he halted in Bristol, and preached and prayed in the Friends' Friars Meeting house in that city. Thomas Crowley Junr., from London, was present, and took down the words, in short hand.

THE SERMON.

I have remembered, my friends, in this Meeting, the case of the poor widow of Sarepta. She was

exposed to great poverty:—had nothing but a little meal in her barrel, and oil in her cruse. She found this just sufficient for her present support, and expected soon to perish. But the prophet came to her, in this deplorable state:—and, after she told him, she was getting a few sticks to bake a cake for the present sustenance of herself and child, and then to die, he said, also make me a cake:—and she hearkened unto the word of the prophet, and did according to his order. This was her preservation through the year of famine.

I have thought, my friends, some are in this situation in this Meeting. Though I have but very little, or no sustenance, it seems to me, that I am, and I hope rightly, engaged to bring it forth for yours. It is chiefly this:—Turn unto Me, and I will turn unto you, saith the Lord: draw nigh unto Me, and I will draw nigh unto you.

There has been a prayer in my heart, that all might be sensible of the one thing we stand,—continually stand, in need of;—the powerful help of Almighty God, in whom we live, move, and have our being. For, it is an eternal truth, that none but that God who made us, can preserve, can keep us from dangers, and defend us from sin;—can supply us with wisdom and strength to discharge all our duties;—leading us through time to eternity;—making us strangers and pilgrims upon earth.

Salvation comes not from the hills or mountains, but from the Lord alone: and it is certain, that all might find salvation in Him, if all were concerned

earnestly to seek it. But the misfortune of mankind in general is, that, notwithstanding they have immortal souls, they are in a state of apostasy and rebellion against God;—in the condition in which the prodigal son was, who had wandered far from his father's house, and was spending his life among harlots, and misapplied and abused the talents he had received;—yet, for a season, he seemed insensible of it. This, my friends, is too much the situation of mankind. They are the objects of Divine Bounty;—in Him they live move and have their being;—and He daily supplies them with all that is needful for them. And yet, too many,—far too many,—I fear, too many in this audience, are thus the objects of Divine Bounty, without considering the obligation,—without receiving the gifts of Almighty God with thankfulness,—or applying to Him for wisdom, rightly to use them. Too many are not drawing nigh, and labouring to dwell nigh, the source of salvation;—but are eating and drinking and rising up to play, and spending their time in ignorance, vanity, and forgetfulness of God.

I wish, there may not be many, in this audience, in this state;—who are not enough considering their latter end;—who are not, what all Christians ought to be, strangers and pilgrims upon earth;—considering their engagements and employments in life, as means,—providential means,—of preparing them for an inheritance that is incorruptible, and that fadeth not away;—considering the time, and talents and various abilities, they are furnished with, by

Divine Bounty, as means to be employed in perfecting them in holiness and fear of God. Vain is the young man's rejoicing in his youth, while employed in vanity and forgetfulness of God:—no sense of the importance of religion:—a heart unconverted to God:—not giving all diligence to make his calling and election sure.

I wish, Friends, that this question might be put to many minds in audience:—Am I one of those who are returned to God? Am I one of those humble ones, who are sensible, that, without Divine aid, they can do nothing? Is it the great business of my mind, and am I sensible, that the great work is to be done, before I am prepared for that Kingdom into which nothing that is polluted can enter?—

Oh! Friends, that religion had such hold on our minds, that we might all consider it as the great business of our lives; and regard the various situations and engagements, in which we are placed by Divine Providence, as the means to call us to this conversion to God!—that we might be made sensible of the sufficiency of His Almighty arm!—and that the youth, in particular, could consider the danger of their situations!—that they are exposed to many temptations!—to many hurtful lusts, that war against the soul!—and be convinced of the necessity of knowing the God of their fathers to preserve them from the corruptions and vices that too much prevail in the age in which we live!—that it might be the deep concern of their hearts, to turn to the Almighty to make them to walk before Him, through an humble

trust in His Divine help, with a perfect heart and a willing mind;—giving all diligence to make their calling and election sure;—endeavouring to live a life of innocence, of wisdom, and of holiness! Oh! that this was the ruling disposition of the youth! How would it draw down the blessing of The Most High upon them! It was Joseph's disposition. The fear of God was in his heart. In the hour of temptation, he stood the trial:—"How can I do this evil, and sin against God?"—His mind was turned towards The Most High; and he knew the strength of Divine Goodness, to preserve him from that temptation.

And thus would it be with the youth amongst us, were they concerned to know the God of their fathers, by holy conversion of soul to Him, to set them free from corruptions, and deliver them from the temptations to which they are exposed. But unless we are sensible of this necessity;—of this confidence in God;—in vain is our customary attendance of these Meetings. We have been favoured, at times, with a sense of Divine Goodness: but, if we turn this grace into wantonness, and, after we have left these places of solemnity, are off our guard, or presumptuous, or careless, and return, like the dog to the vomit, and like the sow to the wallowing in the mire, the invitation of The Most High to us on these occasions, far from bringing us forward in the way of righteousness and holiness, would be matter of condemnation. The ground;—the words, Friends, are solemn, both to the young and old;—the ground that has been

often watered on, and continues to bring forth briers and thorns, is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned.

I knew not which way I should be led. I rose up in absolute poverty. But as this comes before me, I could wish that all the visited within audience;—all those who have an inward living evidence, that the Lord is good, by the revelation of His love in their hearts, would ask themselves; What returns have I made? How have I been concerned to live in obedience to the Divine Law?—Have I so regarded the unutterable mercies of the Father of Spirits to me, that I have been engaged to be stedfast, laborious, immoveable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord?—Or, have I been, after these visitations, like the man who beholds his natural face in the glass, and has gone away and forgotten what manner of man he was? If this is the case, we abuse religion: and, while I speak, the words of an inspired writer rise before me, applicable to those who have thus turned the grace of God into wantonness, and notwithstanding the visitation of The Most High to them, persevere in a life of vanity, pride, and impiety:—"What shall I do unto thee, O Ephraim? What shall I do unto thee, O Judah? What shall I do unto thee, Israel? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and, as the early dew, it goeth away." And, my friends, you will never shine in religion; you will never know religion to be the joy and delight of your hearts, and the comfort of your lives; until you come under a deep sense of the necessity of Divine help, with hearts con-

verted to God. Turn unto me and I will turn unto you, saith the Lord. Oh! that mankind were thus turned unto God! Oh! that the people enough felt the want of salvation and a Saviour!—that they might be in earnest about the great work of religion! For, unless we are thus earnestly engaged, and it is the deep language of our hearts, "What shall I do to be saved?"—in vain is our profession; in vain do we talk of the sufficiency of The Eternal Spirit, while we ourselves are unconcerned to obey its dictates. Our religion is all chaff;—a living dog is better than a dead lion;—an open and contrite heart, that may be ignorant, and inconsiderable in our estimation, is nearer the kingdom than we, with all our superior knowledge, if we are not concerned, by a holy conversion of soul to God, to live according to the truth, we profess.

There were cities, to whom the love of God was offered:—but they would not receive it;—they were unconverted. "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for, if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes." Examine yourselves. Consider how far, in the conduct of your lives, you are sensible of the daily influence of Eternal Love;—how far you are turned unto God, and your hearts panting after holy, divine help, to live in conformity to the principles you profess. I think, I feel a repugnance in many minds, within audience, to the truths of the Gospel, which I have to utter, and which I am bold to utter amongst

you. Yet, I believe, there are humble, contrite spirits within my audience, who have experienced, in their hearts, the truths they have, this morning, heard;—that salvation comes not from the mountains or the hills, but from the Lord alone;—who know and feel, that man, in his very best estate, is altogether vanity;—and are, therefore, concerned to turn to the Lord, and to look to Him for daily help and preservation;—who cry to Him, more often than the morning: such, as can thus appeal; "As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their master, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God."

It is joyful to the hearts of those who wish well to their brethren, to feel the power of humble and living faith amongst us;—who know and feel the necessity of this conversion to God, and of His holy protection through all the trials and afflictions which, Divine Wisdom may see meet, should befall us. Let us consider, as we are thus turned to Him, as our hearts are brought into a reliance on Him, He is turned unto all. The Almighty One; He who rides upon the heavens, for the help of His people, and, in His excellency, on the skies;—the Eternal God, to whom His poor, needy ones make their requests; He is a God nigh at hand, and not a God afar off;—He will ever be with those, in every time of trial, who live under a sense of the need in which they stand of His holy help. And the returning prodigal, those who have felt the want of a Saviour and salvation, and have not taken up their religion upon trust, but have

known Him, of whom Moses in the law and the Prophets did write;—it is they who can confide in the name of the Lord, through conversion of soul. I have a call to engage those to labour after a continual preservation in this Holy Sanctuary, who are inquiring their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward. There is nothing but faith in His Omnipotence, and the revelation of His Love in their hearts, that can preserve them and keep them in the word of His Patience. May those, whom the Lord has thus drawn to depend upon and trust in His Great Name, hold fast their confidence:—that neither heights nor depths, principalities nor powers, things present or things to come, may be permitted to separate their hearts from that trust and reliance, which they have on the Lord their God. Thus preserved, their troubles and trials and vexations will all work together for good, to them who are strangers and pilgrims upon earth, resigned in the allotment which the Great Master is pleased to appoint. It is the language of their hearts; What I know not, teach Thou me. They acknowledge His wisdom in what He gives, and what He withholds, and what He takes away: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return;—the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord." These are wise pilgrims. They turn, in heart, to God; and know everything, they meet with in the course of their journey, is instrumental to their good.

I am drawn forth, much more than I expected. It gives me joy to feel, there are tender hearts within

audience, that I have sympathy with. I rose in love; and in love I sit down. I know nothing but conversion to God, which can deliver you from the wrath to come, and give you an inheritance among those who are sanctified.

To God, therefore, I commit you, and to the word of His grace, which is alone able to build you up in the most holy faith.

THE PRAYER.

O Lord, we beseech Thee, convince Thy poor people, that Salvation comes not from the mountains, nor from the hills, but from Thee alone; and it's Thou who hast awakened us from the sleep of death and of sin, and given our hearts to desire salvation; and to desire that, by thy Almighty hand, in thy mercy, we may be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and know our hearts to be perfected in holiness, through the experience of thy power:—even Thou, O Lord, who hast encouraged us to trust in thy good Name, for conversion and salvation; and hast clearly shown us, that in order to be fruit-bearing branches in Thee, we must abide in Thee, and labour to dwell with hearts converted to Thee.

O Lord, establish thou the children, the poor children, of thy family in thy most holy faith. Ever preserve us in that humility of soul, which gives us to feel, that it's a heart devoted to Thee only, which can draw down those supplies of wisdom and strength

from Thee, of which we stand in need, to discharge our duties, and to resist our enemies, and to get forward in that journey in which Thou hast engaged us.

O Lord God Almighty, enable us still to wash our hands in innocency; that we may be prepared daily to approach thine altar, O God; for, all our strength, our safety, our joy and rejoicing, is to draw nigh unto Thee, who art as a sun and a shield to thy poor helpless ones. Oh! break the stout heart of man: O Lord, of those who have not the knowledge of Thee, through unbelief; their hearts being engaged in worldly love. Bring down the lofty looks of man in them; and let the haughtiness of man be brought down. Oh! that their eyes may be opened to behold that their wisdom is foolishness, and their strength weakness; while their hearts are unconverted unto Thee; whilst they are not looking to Thee, for wisdom and power and preservation, to guard them from the dangers that surround them, to keep them through the difficulties that we must expect to meet with.—O Lord, make them sensible, that while they are unconverted, though they seem to themselves wise, they are really fools; and whatever their success may be, that confusion and darkness must be their final lot.—Lord! sound the trumpet in their hearts, that may alarm them, and raise them from the dead.—Quicken them to behold the necessity of being turned to Thee, and knowing Thee to be made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

Now, Father, my heart is drawn near, in supplication for the youth. O Lord, visit them early:—give them to see that all things, without Thee, are vanity and vexation of spirit:—engage their hearts, in their tender years, to follow Thee fully:—make them sensible, that a heart devoted to Thee, and guarded against every appearance of evil, is their wisdom, and, they have reason to hope, will draw down thy blessing:—thus, make them wise, through a continuance in thy fear.

O Lord, strengthen our hearts with a sense, that in thy presence there is life, and at thy right hand rivers of joy; and that, for evermore. Draw the youth to feel the excellency of thy law, that their hearts may be industrious in following Thee, and their loves be regulated by thy holy fear:—Thus, Lord, through the mighty working of thy power, Judges may be raised amongst us as at the first, and Counsellors as at the beginning.

Under an humble sense of our own unworthiness we approach Thee with thankfulness;—and, in the ability which Thou givest, we bless thy High and Holy Name, and render to Thee the glory, honour and praise of all thy works, and of all thy mercies, of which Thou art eternally worthy. Amen.

Like other preachers of the same denomination, he was, probably, most vigorous, when from home. An aged female Friend, now deceased, told me, that in

her youthful days, she heard him preach in Gracechurch Street Meeting, in London, in a style which she had never known equalled.

At all times, there seem to have been devotees of a certain stamp, who, in speaking of the ills which befall themselves, or their friends, or their worldly concerns, fail not to add, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth:"—yet, when adverting to the calamities which have overtaken fellow creatures, not of their stamp, are as prompt to pronounce them, "the judgments of an offended God." With such religion, William Cookworthy had no sympathy. He could not bear to have the dealings of the Universal Parent viewed in any other light, than that of the tenderest mercies to all mankind universally. He was indignant at the cruelty and injustice of contrary views;—cruelty to fellow creatures, whom we are incompetent to judge;—and justice to the Great Being, who "willeth not the death of a sinner." This was the subject of his discourse from the preachers' gallery in Gracechurch Street Meeting. After expatiating upon it, at some length and with considerable force, he wound it up, with the memorable words; "Think ye, that the eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them; think ye, that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

As the angel, in the Revelation, "lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever;" so he, standing at his full command-

ing height, with upraised hand, delivered the first verse and commencement of the second, in a voice of authority enough to make the stiffest Pharisee present quail; and then, while his hand and voice sank together, he ended the quotation in a subdued tone of compassion, with a look of tenderness cast over the whole Meeting, which might well have gone to the heart of every one within its walls.

This was in the same year, 1778.

Of his wife's two nephews, resident in London and named in the letter of the 29th of May, 1778, Berry Marshman was a strict Friend, and could not pull together with his uncle very readily. As the letter had remarked, he had "drunk so long of the old wine, that he will disrelish the new." He was an Elder, and was bent on bringing my grandfather into harness. Accordingly, he took him to the usual Meeting for Ministers and Elders. But this proved far too dry for the old gentleman's taste. It had too much of that starched solemnity, which he used jocularly to term, Mumpsimus:—so that, when the like Meeting recurred, and the nephew was urgent for repeating the attendance, my grandfather shook his head; and, probably recollecting Wolcot's personation of Falstaff, replied with a humorous twinkle of the eye; "No, Berry; 'I'll come no more i'th' basket.'" He disliked assumption of clerical authority; and trudged off in another direction, to spend the morning with an accomplished matron at the West-end of the town, the lady of a Commissioner in one of the departments of public service, possessed of such charms of

conversation, as made the deformity of her person forgotten.

Yet, as an ordinary member of his Meeting, he regularly took a part in the execution of its discipline. On one occasion, a deputation from the London Yearly Meeting was present, headed by Thomas Corbyn, a stern disciplinarian, and noted for being clad in drab from top to toe. Their avowed object was to stir the slumbering embers of discipline, and, as the phrase was, "to cleanse the camp." A case of delinquency, reported from former sittings, having been again brought under notice, Thomas Corbyn gave vent to some expressions of impatience and surprise that so much trouble had been occasioned, and that, after such a length of time, the rules had not been enforced to the full extent of disownment; —adding, that he knew an individual so overwhelmed with contrition and a sense of his own unworthiness, as to have intreated his Monthly Meeting to disunite him. "And is there a Meeting," said my grandfather, in a tone of impressive sweetness, "which could disown a man in such a frame of mind?"

The deputation had been appointed by the Yearly Meeting to visit the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings throughout the kingdom; but it had no better success at an adjoining Meeting. A member, who had joined the Society by convincement, had succeeded, for his share of the patrimonial inheritance, to some lay tithes: and this being a sort of property disallowed by the rules of the Society, brought the circumstance upon the Monthly Meeting's books. On its being

called over, and found to be of some standing, the deputation said, there was but one course left, and that was disownment. "But," said the Clerk of the Meeting, "the Friend is from home, and, in justice, ought to be heard:—he has urged strong reasons for his conduct." At the mention of reasons, Thomas Corbyn fired; and said, they could listen to no reasons, in opposition to the rule of the Society.—"Then," rejoined the Clerk, "if you insist upon his being disowned without hearing him, I tell you plainly, Friends, we will not do it."

"So," in the language of the Law Reports, "they took nothing by their motion."

A more welcome visitor came to Plymouth, in the course of a religious visit to the West of England, in the person of Samuel Fothergill, the polished orator of his day, in the Society of Friends. He had kindly noticed my father, when a school-boy at Penketh in Lancashire, the place of his residence; and was, in my father's estimation, the model of a Minister. At his side, in Meeting, sat Gilbert Thompson, the Master of the School, no less a model of an Elder;

Par nobile fratrum.*

When the Meeting for worship had sat the usual time, Gilbert Thompson was accustomed to pull out his watch; and, if the proper period had arrived, to give a nod to the schoolboys, who immediately rose and

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* A high bred, brotherly pair.

walked out of Meeting. This was the signal of its having ended.

I have "An Agreement signed by most of the Penketh Scholars," with my father's name at the head of them, and dated the 23rd of the 4th month 1761, whereby they promise to pay 6d. to the Master as often as any of them, with knife or other instrument, mark their names or initials in the Meeting house, school, the Master's dwelling house &c.

After having been at Penketh School for some years, my father was removed for the completion of his classical education, to the public Grammar School at Sedbergh in Yorkshire, under the tuition of Dr. Bateman, the Head-Master, reputed the profoundest Greek scholar of his time :—

> Did not my Saunders tread yon sacred floor?
> And Broxholme, deeply skill'd in classic lore?
> And Bateman too, though indolent, well read,
> Did honour to my school, and many scholars bred.
>
> *From lines on the successive Masters of Sedbergh School, supposed to have been spoken, in vision, by King Edward* VI. *as Founder.*

Craven, afterwards Senior Medalist and Master of St. John's College, Cambridge ;—three brothers, Walker King afterwards Bishop of Rochester, Edward King afterwards Vice Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and John King afterwards Under Secretary of State ; —and Kipling afterwards Senior Wrangler and Dean of Peterborough, were all under Bateman, the first before, the rest in my father's time. His own particular friend was Cranke, an Ulverston lad, the most elegant

scholar, and of the finest disposition, as he thought, in the school.

He had not been long there, before he received the following paternal letter from Samuel Fothergill, breathing the very spirit of William Cookworthy.

TO GEORGE HARRISON, PER FAVOUR OF T. CREWDSON.

Warrington 20th 1st Mo. 1764.

Dear George,

The agreeable impressions thy sobriety and, I hope, religious conduct made upon my mind whilst thou wast at School here, remain with me; and my desires are very strong that they may ever remain upon thee, as the means of thy happiness here, and for ever. And though I have been so much indisposed, and yet am so, that writing is troublesome, yet the motions of true well-wishing are so fresh upon my mind, as to induce me to give thee this proof of my affectionate friendship, and earnest desires on thy account, that so promising a morning may rise higher and higher in lustre, to the full completion of His glorious purpose, who hath remembered thee with a precious visitation from on High.

We live, dear George, in a time wherein too many forget the end of their being:—to glorify God on earth, and to be glorified with Him hereafter. Vanity, folly, and dissipation captivate the minds of most. Oh! that thou who hast seen into a more exalted end of thy being, may be preserved from such a deplorable

state! And in order to rejoice in this experience, may thy mind dwell always under the influence of that circumscribing fear, which keeps the heart clean, whereby wisdom and knowledge will become the stability of thy times! Let thy heart be often lifted up to God in secret prayer for preservation, and keep within the bounds of His revealed will. Beware of departing, in the least, from that plainness, watchfulness and simplicity of heart, which often drew my mind towards thee in tender love, and which, I am assured, also recommended thee to Heavenly regard.

I understand, thou goest to a School, where the Master is not a member of our Society; nor many, if any, of the boys, thy schoolfellows. Very serviceable mayest thou be in thy place, if thou art so subject to the power of that principle of Grace and Truth we profess, as to shew forth its excellency by a good conversation, coupled with true fear. This may be the happy means of affecting other youthful minds with the remembrance of their Creator in their youth. Thou wilt then be rendered a happy instrument of advancing the Kingdom of Righteousness on earth, and enjoy the glorious reward;—For they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the Firmament; and they that turn many to Righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

I beseech thee, be careful in all thy conduct. Have a care how thou departest away in things deemed little. The boundaries of innocence once passed, it is difficult to say where people will stop. Daily seek after the favour of The Most High. Let a morning

and evening sacrifice arise to Him from thy soul; that being grounded and established in holy certainty of His presence, neither flattery, nor derision, may ever lead thee into the dark paths of infidelity: but thou mayest ever rejoice, with joy unutterable and full of glory, in the knowledge of Him, in whom thou hast believed. I greatly tender thy welfare. I feel for thee sensations stronger than Nature can suggest: and in the warmth of this best love, I commend thee to the protection of The Preserver of men. I earnestly wish thee a safe hiding place, as under the hollow of His hand; and a hope in His salvation, on thy account, accompanies my wishes.

I am

Thy truly affectionate friend,

SAM. FOTHERGILL.

The same thoughtful kindness followed my father, two years and a half later, when he had left school, and was about to make his attainments available for a livelihood. Before he quitted his father's roof, with a fortune of £5. 7. 1 in his pocket, he thus learns the continued good will of his early friend, and the generosity of his wealthier brother, Dr. Fothergill.

TO EDWARD HARRISON, SHOE MAKER, KENDAL. FOR GEO. HARRISON.

Warrington, 6—6—1766.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, G. HARRISON,

I was by no means inattentive to thine of

12—4, which I received at Preston. Upon mentioning it to my brother, he thought it would be of great use to thee, if thou wast to spend 6 months at our Academy at this place. Perhaps, no addition of knowledge in literature might ensue: but, he thought, some instruction might be gained in the method of teaching, as practised by the several Professors. He was, from my recommendation of thee, and thy own letter, so far concerned, as to desire me to intimate to thee, that as thy education had been expensive, and thou might be unwilling to enhance it by attending the Academy, he would cheerfully undertake to defray the expense of 6 months' attendance here; and I doubt not finding a Friend's family in which thou might be boarded. I think the proposal worthy of thy consideration.

Our truly valuable friend, G. Thompson, was, on 4th day last, attacked with a slight stroke of the palsy. His speech is affected, but his faculties entirely preserved. I hope he may recover.

I am, with kind love, thy assured friend,

Sam. Fothergill.

On prosecuting their journey from Plymouth into Cornwall, Samuel Fothergill and his cavalcade were attended, during the first stage, by my aunt Lydia on horseback. The beauty of the country and season led her, as they jogged along, to descant on the charms

of *June*. The word caught the ear of one of the party, who instantly rebuked her, for the inconsistency of allowing such a designation of the "Sixth month" to escape from the mouth of a Public Friend's daughter. She, nothing daunted, appealed to Samuel Fothergill, to decide whether or not she had committed any very grave offence. "Make no mention of the name of other gods, neither let it be heard out of thy mouth," was his decree; and she was silenced. A few miles farther, as they surmounted an eminence opposite Saltash, the Hamoaze, in all its calm majesty, burst upon their view. The genuine spirit of the man could hold out no longer, and, in a transport of classic enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "Behold Neptune's domain!"—"Now, Samuel Fothergill," quoth she, "I have thee." He shook his head, smiled, and fairly owned that he had been caught tripping.

Foe as my grandfather was to all rigorous measures of discipline, he was not one to connive at lax conduct. The lad, for whom my mother had, providentially for herself, been displaced in her aunt Debell's attentions, was not long in making the most of the habitual system of indulgence, practised by one who had no child of her own. To such an extent did he push his mastery over his aunt, that he actually persuaded her to carry a ladder for him to some distance, one morning before day-break, to help him in bird-nesting. The absurdity of the act was so gross, as to become a proverb in the family; and compliance by a fond relation with the exactions of an unreasonable youngster, thenceforth went by the name of "Laddering."

Whether she became bent down by the burdens thus laid upon her by her nephew, or she was naturally prone to stoop to the young, it so happened, that when she was expressing a longing desire to see the wonders of the Metropolis, her brother Benjamin, "the Horse-milliner," as he called himself, slapped her on the back, and cried, "Thee to go to London, indeed! But thou art round back-ed, my friend:"— as if London had been too pure, to admit any within its walls, but the upright.

Under such culture, the fruits were not likely to be promising. The same unbridled will, which had been nursed in the boy, swayed the man. When he had grown up, he went to live at Melksham in Wiltshire, where his ungovernable disposition soon drew upon him the notice and rebuke of the Monthly Meeting's overseers. One of them told him, rather bluntly, "Thy comb must be cropped, young man." This speech gave such mortal offence, that the delinquent aggravated the case, by forbearing to attend Friends' Meetings altogether. What had occurred, having reached his uncle's ears, drew from him this masterly expostulation:—

TO WILLIAM COOKWORTHY, MELKSHAM.

—— Whilst I was thinking of writing thee on the above subject, a sincere friend of thine informed me in a very private way, and, I am confident, with the best motives, that, from disgust at some

behaviour of the Melksham Friends, acting in a Society capacity, thou hadst deserted their Meetings, and, for some time back, never attended them.

My love for thee made this news very alarming. I was in hopes that my nephew, by experience and proper reflection, had, in some good degree, got the better of that eagerness and preapitude to over-keen resentment, which I knew to be his natural foible:—especially, as I found that his knowledge of men and things was greatly improved, by the judicious remarks and reflections which he had, in a late instance, made on his brother Benjamin's situation and conduct; when he desired me to write to him. That letter appears to have done good, and to have answered my end in writing it. It would give me much joy, if this application to his brother proves as successful; the occasion of it being of vastly greater importance.

If thou know thy uncle, thou must know that, in a matter of judgment, I would not impose my sentiment on a servant. Let us, therefore, consider this matter, in the light of truth and reason.

I will suppose, the Friends behaved rather injudiciously and indelicately. But I sincerely believe, that what they did, was from no ill will to thee. Their jealousy that, by going to a public house, thou might form improper connections, and be insensibly hurt, both in regard to principle and conduct, was an honest jealousy:—at least, I see no cause to suspect it; apprehending their behaviour to thee, in the main, to have been kind and respectful. If we are

wise, we shall judge of the actions of men by their motives; and if these are good, we shall not be angry at it, but pity an injudicious conduct, though we ourselves may be the objects of it. But suppose, there may be something not quite right, what a strange way of resenting this is!—for a man to drop the religion of his education, and totally forsake all public worship! These, my Cousin, are very serious matters; and ought very seriously to be considered, before we resolve to act in them. For a man to sacrifice the religion of his education to any but conscientious considerations, is taking a very dangerous step. But to do it from motives of pique and resentment, is the direct way to tear up all his religious sentiments by the roots, and, if persisted in, to destroy every thing that, in a religious sense, is good in him.

Religious worship is a duty, due from every rational being, to that Supreme One to whom we owe our existence and all the blessings attending it: and these, properly estimated, are of inestimable value, and unspeakably more numerous than the hairs of our head. I always feared that thou hadst never seriously enough considered the weight of our obligations to the practice of these duties. I am now convinced that my fears were not groundless:—my own experience making it clear to me, that to distinguish between public and private piety, and to urge the practice of the latter, as an excuse for the neglect of the former, is a clear proof that we are ignorant, and out of the practice, of both. And wert thou honestly to put the question to thy heart, whether thou en-

deavourest to make amends for thy non-attendance on a public worship, by a closer application to the duties of retired devotion, and a greater watchfulness over thy thoughts, words and ways, I am persuaded, No, would be the answer.

By something I have heard, thou appearest to dislike the ways and, possibly, the principles of our Society. Suppose this the case:—yet this abrupt way of leaving us, is very ungrateful and imprudent. To give me and thy Friends no intimation of thy design, no reason for thy change of sentiments, was, certainly, to treat us very unkindly! And to leave the Society on such a trifling, personal provocation, must afford thy enemies and those who dislike thee, such an occasion to depreciate thy character, as one of no principles or religion! Nor have thy friends any thing to offer in thy excuse, but that thou art headstrong, and too apt to resent violently, and, being young, hast not thought seriously enough about Religion:—an excuse, which, after all, is but a poor one.

To conclude:—I tremble for thy situation, which I know to be exceedingly dangerous. Thy preservation lies heavy on my heart. Open thy mind fully and candidly to me: keep back nothing. Thou may'st depend on my treating thee with the most tender regard. And, if I have said plain things in this letter, it hath been with an earnest desire to rouse thy attention to subjects thou appearest averse to. Who knows, but kind Providence, ever watchful over His creatures, may have suffered thee to fall into this

extravagant conduct,—for so, at present, I must call it,—to let thee see the tendency of inattention to our first duty, and of indulging natural weaknesses, which we ought to curb and keep under command?

Thou hast now my thoughts on this occasion. I may have been misinformed, or not sufficiently informed, in regard to these circumstances. Set me right, if I am wrong; and, if thou canst, set the matter in a more favourable light, than I see it. I shall rejoice to be convinced, I was in error.

But if, on the contrary, thou should'st decline this task, and simply ask, What would my uncle have me do; my answer shall be clear. Endeavour to forget, and behave as if thou hadst forgotten, that any thing of the kind had ever happened: behave to thy friends with all the respect and cheerfulness, in thy power: resolve to go to thy Meetings, and hear every motion in thy heart repugnant to this advice, which pretends to manliness and spirit, as the offspring of pride and cowardice; for these are its real parents.

I remain, with great sincerity and regard,

Thy affectionate uncle

W. Cookworthy.

This is a sample of the searching measure dealt by my grandfather, *suaviter in modo*, *fortiter in re*,* to the

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* In manner, pleasing; in matter, strong.

self-willed and refractory. To those, who were sensible of their errors, he was equally the judicious counsellor, though in another strain. Far from attempting to aggravate the groans of the repentant, he was all encouragement. He had no faith in the efficacy of any one's confession of being, "The chief of sinners;" or in the delusion of lacking "a sense of pardon." Instead of nursing such grievous mistakes, he remembered Who it was that cried, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me:" and would say to the desponding and self-reproaching one, "Come, cheer up; perhaps, matters are, after all, not so bad with thee, as thy own thoughts would persuade thee."

My mother having become a parent at the beginning of the year 1779, her careful eldest sister was again at her side. But not even her watchful skill and experience could guard the more youthful housekeeper from the domestic troubles caused by an increase of family making two servants necessary, where one had been enough before. These troubles, however, served to give my grandfather an opportunity of turning them to instruction, in the following letter to my mother.

FOR GEORGE HARRISON, N°. 5 FISH STREET HILL, LONDON.

S.H.

Dear Sukey,

I have said, on the other side, that my health is improving. I was never ill, in any considerable

degree, through my whole disorder; and my friends both in London and the country seem to have thought it worse than I felt it.

The sickness of thy little one, the trouble thou hast had about servants, with the absence of thy husband, must, I know, have given much uneasiness to a mind so sensible as my dear Sukey's. But I can never suspect, they should have so entirely engrossed thy attention, as to make thee forgetful of thy friends; and thou may'st be assured, thy father and sisters have sympathised with thee in thy troubles. Thou would'st certainly have done very poorly, without Lyddy's assistance: but this assistance thou hast, through His merciful disposal, Who is a present help in every needful time. We must, my dearest child, all expect to meet with difficulties. The best Teacher permits them to lie in our way, to shew us, how weak and ignorant we are without His help and direction: and if we receive them with humility and resignation to His will, and trust in His help, we shall know Him to be Almighty for our preservation and deliverance.

This is what thy father's experience hath fully confirmed to him, and is the whole of his wisdom. And the strongest desire of his heart for his offspring is, that they may be numbered with the children who are taught of God, and know Him to be their Peace.

As to Lyddy's return, though we should be exceedingly pleased to have her with us, yet it must not be at the expense of making thee very unhappy. I know that both thee and Lydia are reasonable and

prudent, so this matter is left to be settled between you.

At present, I can say nothing about a journey to London this summer;—though it would give me great pleasure to see you and your little maid. I hope George's next journey will be directed Westward. If this is the case, I shall be highly displeased, if he stops short of Plymouth.

I have done a great deal at writing, so must lay by the pen, after subscribing myself,

Your affectionate father

W. COOKWORTHY.

Great as he was in his own family, and great in his own religious Society, he was not less so in his intercourse with the public at large. He might have sat for the likeness of the man drawn by Virgil;

——— Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.

. . . . . .

Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem
Conspexêre, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant.
Ille regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet.*

And so it really happened. While passing along

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* And when the rabble is in a savage humour: if they, then, have haply caught sight of a man of weight from religion and good conduct, they are hushed, and stand aside, attentive listeners to what he says. His address to them quells the ill humours, and calms the roused feelings.

Plymouth streets, he observed a considerable crowd and clamour; and, inquiring the cause, found the mob ill-treating a wretched woman of the town. His appearance, in the midst of them, was the signal of an instant calm:—when, addressing the poor creature, his expostulations with her on the course of her life, and his deep sympathy with her forlorn condition, had such an effect, that not only herself, but several of the by-standers were melted into tears. On his concluding the crowd quietly dispersed.

A severer ordeal for the strength of his mental powers was at hand.

In the same year, 1779, the combined fleets of France and Spain appeared off Plymouth Sound. Sir Charles Hardy, in command of the Channel fleet, was obliged to sheer off, to the Eastward, with a very inferior squadron. No troops were on the spot, except a solitary regiment of invalids performing garrison duty. The only other force for the defence of the town, if defence it could be called, was a crew of sailors, who, in all the hardihood of their habits, marched with a fidler at their head, to the Hoe, whence they could descry the hostile fleet ranged in a crescent, from the Mewstone to Penlee point. While they and some of the inhabitants of Plymouth were watching the enemy's movements, a fleet of merchantmen passed up channel, convoyed by the *Ardent* man of war. This vessel soon became engaged with several of the enemy's ships which had been detached in pursuit: but, after the firing had been maintained for some time, her colours were

hauled down, and she was seen towed back by the victors; yet not before she had succeeded in occupying their attention, long enough to allow of the complete escape of the merchantmen.

It had been arranged, that if the enemy should be discovered standing into the port, a gun fired from Mount Wyse, to be repeated by a gun from the garrison, was to be the signal of their approach. In the middle of the night, the signal gun was heard; and the confusion and dismay of the townspeople may be imagined. Every cart, and carriage, in the place was in request; and people were seen hurrying in all directions to places of greater safety, with whatever property they could most readily secure.

My grandfather remained firm and calm. A nephew of his wife's hastened to him, to urge his departure and his securing his goods, without loss of time. "No, James," was his reply, "I am not alarmed. The French can do me no harm. Possibly, we may not prove to be enemies, after all." He had learned, in his Divine Master's school, to "fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

His wondrous tranquillity was communicated to his household. My mother, with her infant first-born, was then on a visit to him. She wrote a full detail of the state of affairs to her absent husband in London, who carried the letter to the Royal Exchange, where it was pronounced, by all the merchants who heard it read, to be the most circumstantial account which had been received. The alarm proved to be a false one. A malignant fever was raging in the

enemy's fleet, and carried off the son of one of the admirals;—which so damped the ardour of the men, that, in spite of the spirits excited by the capture of the *Ardent*, the commanders would not venture upon an attack.

When self-dominion has been laid prostrate, and the spirit of the world overcome, there is no bar to the free entrance of the stream of Divine Wisdom, ever pouring forth to supply strength for every emergency. So found William Cookworthy in 1779, when the resolution and confidence of others failed. And so found Bias, one of the seven wise men of Greece, ages before, under like circumstances, at the siege of Priene, his native town. Both men knew that their goods were out of the enemy's reach. They were conscious that no goods or property were really theirs, except what they could take with them into another world. "Neque ego," writes Cicero, "unquam bona perdidisse dicam, siquis pecus aut supellectilem amiserit; neque non sæpe laudabo sapientem illum, Biantem, ut opinor, qui numeratur in septem; cujus cùm patriam Prienen cepisset hostis, cæterique ita fugerent, ut multa de suis rebus secum asportarent; cum esset admonitus à quodam, ut idem ipse faceret: *Ego verò*, inquit, *facio. Nam omnia mea porto mecum.* Ille hæc ludibria fortunæ, ne sua quidem putavit, quæ nos appellamus etiam bona. Quid est igitur, quæret aliquis bonum? Quod rectum, et honestum, et cum virtute est, id solum opinor bonum."*

* Nor will I ever say, that any one has been stripped of goods,

As my grandfather's bodily strength wore away, his mental conflicts increased. In May 1780, they had become very depressing. They were, to him, a resemblance, after his finite measure, of the preparatory agony in the garden at Gethsemane. But he bore them all with meekness and patience. He knew in Whom he trusted. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers," was his watchword. "It was enough for the disciple to be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord." His state is thus described, in a diary kept by his wife's niece, Elizabeth Fox.

"1780, May 14. Uncle Cookworthy was not at either Meeting, and he declined having a Meeting in the evening. He complained of being very much oppressed, and his spirits were mostly low.

"15. In the evening, I went to see my Uncle Cookworthy, and found him very poorly. He was still exceedingly oppressed, to a degree I never remember to have seen any one before. There still appeared much sweetness; and the sense of that love which is the badge of true discipleship, though his mind was not sensible of those comforts which he

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who may have lost cattle or furniture. Neither is it seldom, that I will praise that Sage, Bias, as I think, who is reckoned one of the seven; for when the enemy had captured his native Priene, and the rest of the inhabitants were escaping, so as to carry away much of their property with them; and when he had been warned by some one to do the like:—"But I do," says he, "for I carry all which are mine, about with me." He did not indeed fancy those mockeries of fortune to be his own, which we call goods. "What then," asks some one, "is a good?"—What is right, and honourable, and accompanied by virtue, that only, in my opinion, is a good.

had so largely experienced, but a little while before. He expressed much satisfaction in the company of his friends, and felt great tenderness towards them; so that we left him, with some reluctance, between 9 and 10 o'clock.

"17. In the morning, Uncle Cookworthy was worse than at any time before, in respect to the exceeding distress and gloominess of his mind, so that all comfort, for a season, seemed to be withdrawn. But, afterwards, he felt this very painful dispensation to be removed, and enjoyed the rich return of abundant satisfaction. After dinner, I went to see him, and found him much disposed for retirement. Except for half-an-hour, he appeared tolerably comfortable, and, after tea, conversed freely on serious subjects, and mentioned what he had suffered in the morning.

"18. Uncle Cookworthy had a very poor night; and, from his whole manner, his friends were very much alarmed, and thought he was near his end. This opinion he entertained himself; and he sent for George Prideaux on that account, in order to settle some affairs relating to business. In the evening, I called to inquire for him, and had the great satisfaction to see, he was relieved, both mind and body, and his spirits quite clear;—which seemed to be principally effected by a profuse perspiration. He mentioned some particulars respecting the state of his mind, when the oppression was upon his spirits, that I wish to remember, though I am not willing to insert it, here. It is certain, that much he has gone through; and much he has had to contend with."

After some weeks of endurance, he rallied, but did not regain his relish for general society. Like some other men, who have taken the same turn on approaching the verge of another world, and as if foreshadowing the "house eternal in the heavens," he proposed to build a house in the country, for the benefit of his daughters, who were dearly attached to a rural life.

In a letter to my mother, written in July 1780, my aunt Lydia wrote,

"This same father of ours has offered to build a house for me in the country, because we may have our health better than in Plymouth. There is a kind man! but no building of houses for me. And he has such a disrelish for all company, that he declares, if he could but have George and his [own] four daughters, he should have all that he wished for."

So the proposal fell to the ground.

He was now weary of the World of Shadows, and fast approaching the confines of that World of Realities, for which his whole life had been a preparation. How he faced "the fell serjeant," is best told in the following spirited sketch of the man, made in the year 1821 by the late Lydia Prideaux, the eldest daughter of his wife's nephew, resident in Plymouth.

CHAPTER V.

"My recollection of my uncle Cookworthy is vivid. The dignity, the grandeur of his mind shone so evidently through his countenance, as to leave traces on the memory never likely to be erased, while that faculty remains. But the mind itself is still more deeply felt as present.

"Sublime dignity, mingled with strong energy, exquisite sensibility, unrivalled candour, and almost infantile simplicity, made such a compound as I have never seen any approximate to. All these noble and delightful qualities of mind were, by turns, unveiled in his countenance; which was formed to picture powerfully whatever passed within. Indignation at baseness, and contempt of meanness, were as vividly expressed, as was his delight at an instance of generosity, or of any good that belonged to, or attended, his friends, or indeed any human being:—for, the whole human family were his kinsmen; and for those he knew he appeared to feel the interest of a friend. There was, I think, this distinction observable in his emotions:—when displeased, his dislike was pointed at the conduct or sentiment:—but when gratified by observing good conduct in others, the

individual was united to it in his mind, and he loved to praise by name.

"His candour marked itself by an immediate acknowledgment of error or mistake. He considered it beneath a man, to hold a favourite opinion; and therefore, gave up his own, when convinced of its incorrectness, as willingly as he had, at first, embraced it. Yet he had not this task to perform very frequently; since with colloquial powers far beyond the common allotment of men, and great strength and clearness of argument, his love of truth was so entire, that he never, I believe, argued for victory; and he weighed the opinion of his adversary, with as much candour and fairness, as he would his own:—which gave him unspeakable advantage in the formation of his judgment, and left little room for change of views, where circumstances remained the same.

"Politeness was the constant companion of his conduct; and, being the fruit of his heart, as well as of his understanding, it was exercised with the same delicate attention to a child, or an inferior, as it was to persons of talent or rank. This I have seen exemplified in daily instances; but I do not recollect one, in which this noble habit was broken.

"Much has been said of his absence of mind. I believe, a few circumstances have been amplified. They all happened before my memory; except, that I have seen him, when earnestly engaged in conversation after dinner, reach across the table to his friend's wine and drink it, without being aware. This, I believe, arose from the want of stimulus, which

he felt at the moment. For, his appetite was small; and he took, when he met with it, stimulating food. But, when this was not put before him, he was content with what he met with; and he sometimes omitted his dinner altogether, if deep interest on any subject occupied his mind.

"But all the tales about china-breaking appear to me likely to be founded on some trifle, as I have seen much handed to him for his inspection, which he ever carefully returned to its owner, unless it were a shard, which, by leave, he sometimes broke. Indeed, so painful was it to him, to be thought guilty of such impropriety, that I was charged, when a child, never to mention any hint of the kind before him. His own polite and simple dignity of manners rendered it impossible for any one to take an undue liberty with him.

"I find myself, instead of reciting anecdotes, running into something like an eulogium on this excellent and extraordinary man. Yet how can I help it? feeling my frail memory to be almost the only living repository of the records of that grand mind:—a mind, gifted with the first-rate powers of nature;—sanctified by religion;—living in humble dedication of these powers to their Great Original;— and modestly moving amidst the circle of his friends and associates, as though he stood not one inch above them. Such, indeed, he truly was! And when I contemplate him, and remember the pleasure he took, if any fell short of his capacity, to draw them, imperceptibly almost, by his elucidations, to a level with

his views, I am lost in admiration and the enthusiasm of recollected pleasure. Alive to the most trifling pain, both in himself and others, he rose above it, not by insensibility, but by higher feeling.

"But I must endeavour to put on paper the few particulars which were requested of me. They are but meagre recollections.

"Let me then trace him, as he was to me in childhood, when, one day, finding I did not understand what he was saying to my mother, he would not suffer my inquiries to be checked, but stopped his conversation directly; and, borrowing my mother's pincushion and thimble, he made clear to me the situation of the planet he was describing; and then, his countenance expressing the sympathy he had in my pleasure, he resumed his subject. When, from want of information in those with whom he conversed, he was obliged to be the instructor, he did it in so subdued a tone of voice, as would almost have led one to suppose him a learner with the rest.

"When in company with persons of talent and education, he took up subjects as they were presented, either of literature, science, or politics; but, by a power all his own, he gradually drew them to a serious termination, and led frequently, if I may so express myself, to Religion and to God;—Whose awful Omnipotence and Omnipresence, and Whose boundless Mercy, it was the delight of his soul to contemplate. After such an interview, Captain Jervis returned to his ship; and going to the cabin of the chaplain, his intimate friend, called to wake him, saying, 'Gardner,

you must wake; for I have had such a day with Mr. Cookworthy, as you must hear of, before I can sleep.' He then began, in animated language, to describe the delight he had felt;—when Gardner, who related the circumstance, attempted to enlarge on the pleasure of a life dedicated to religion and virtue. 'Hold your tongue,' said the Captain abruptly; 'if I delight in having Mr. Cookworthy's instruction, I did not come to receive a sermon from you. I came to make you partake in my pleasure.'

"Such was his acceptance with the gay and polished part of society. To the sorrowing and afflicted, he was still more dear. I have heard my mother say, that his sympathy, under such circumstances, was more near and entire, than any she had ever met with:—that, one day, when he came, with a countenance of sorrowful feeling, to visit her on the loss of her child, his face, as he walked down the room, suddenly changed to a smile of sweet sensibility; when he said, 'Ha! is it so?' and addressed my mother in a strain suited to her feelings; which were of the most consolatory nature.

"Left an orphan, with but very little property, he gained for himself much knowledge. I have heard him speak French with the utmost fluency and, I believe, elegance. And I remember, once, on a comparison being made as to the effect of the sound and construction of different languages on the sense of a writer, he expressed his admiration of the loftiness of the Greek; and, to convey to us some taste of the distinction, repeated a passage from a Greek poet,

with its different translations, in a high tone of feeling;—shewing clearly his intimate knowledge of each, though we could not follow him.

"Although famed for the negligence of his appearance, he was not intentionally careless of the decencies of dress. I recollect an incident, which marked this, but will not, I trust, be misunderstood in the recital. I was sent by my mother, one day, to ask his company with a few gentlemen who were to dine with my father. The notice was short; and the servant requested me to go into the drawing-room, where her master was. I went to the door; but hearing his voice in, as I thought, deep conversation, I went down and said, there was company, and that I could not go in. She said, 'Oh! no, Miss; it is only Master at prayer; there is no one with him; he is often so; you had better go in!' I again went up stairs, determined to wait, until I believed him to be disengaged. His voice soon ceased, and I entered, but was shocked to find myself still an intruder. He was on his knees in the most solemn devotion. Not knowing what to do, I stood irresolute: but, I believe, my attempt to withdraw roused his attention. He rose almost instantly; and, with a smile of humble benignity, dissipated my fears. Then, receiving my message, he kindly accepted the invitation, and going to the door, called to his servant, 'Molly King! let me have water to wash with, and a clean shirt, and my best clothes; for, my cousin Polly Fox has been so politely kind, as to invite me to dinner to day.'

"I am aware that this mixture may appear incon-

gruous in recital; but in him it appeared far otherwise. His duty was done; his mind was at liberty; and he was present to the subject that was to be acted on.

"A circumstance, known to some of his intimate friends, was the humble and instant reception he gave to every feeling of Divine Good in his heart. By those who knew him, he was observed, frequently in the midst of conversation, to retire into himself for a time; when his countenance expressed entire and deep, inward attention, or sweet communion. After a little time so spent, he would sometimes return to the company, and join them in cheerful and interesting conversation:—at others, he would rise, and, bowing with a sweet and chastened smile to those around him, return to his home. I have heard, he has said to a friend who had his confidence, that he dared not check any, even the smallest, appearance of Divine Good.

"His command of mind was such, as enabled him to leave any subject, on which he might be conversing even to the door of the Meeting house, and, on entering its walls, be quite absorbed from all but the great object for which he entered it. So much was his mind favoured with this power in latter life, that I once heard him express a hope, that the Evil One had lost his power to torment him. But this season was followed by one of sore dismay, in which he was tried by the loss of sensible good, for several months. The doctors called it suppressed gout; and, indeed, it had much the appearance of a disorder of the nerves. But he

himself, I believe, considered it to be an allotted trial. And, if I am not mistaken, in its conclusion at least, it will lead the mind to believe that it was, in great part, mental; from which, as I have heard, his relief was sudden. He said, that one morning, when he was much distressed, his two grandsons came into the room, to read the Bible to him, as usual. He could scarcely bear the thought of sitting to hear it read; but was loth to discourage the poor lads; when cousin William turned the book over and over, as though he could not fix on a place to read in. At length, he opened at the Song of Moses, and began to read; when my uncle said, his painful state broke away as a cloud, and his mind was left rejoicing and at liberty.

"The closing scene has been frequently related. But, as it is wished that things should be twice told, rather than that one circumstance should be forgotten, I will mention that, when Dr. Gasking called as a professional man, as well as a friend, on his asking my uncle, how he was, he replied, 'I'll tell thee, Gasking, how I am:—no doubts;—no fears;—but a full and certain assurance, that I am going where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'—On Dr. Gasking's return to the parlour, the usual inquiry took place;—'How do you find my father?'—'Find him!—so, as I would give all I am worth in the world, to change places with him.'

"During his life, he had looked at death with something like dread, not from fear of bodily suffering, but from the awfulness of that great change. But when the hour arrived, which was evidently to remove

him from things terrestrial, my mother was in attendance on him. Referring to their former conversations, he said;—I think, it was after he had told them he was almost gone, that his hands and feet were already dead, and that he was sensible of the earthly smell frequently observed by those around at such times; he then added,—'And is this death, which I have so long dreaded? this great, this mighty change! what is it? why, ceasing to breathe; that is all.'

"In the course of the preceding day, I believe, it was, that he asked his medical attendant, how long, he thought, he could live. After a pause, the apothecary replied, 'Why, Sir, I should hope you might live four and twenty hours.'—'Hope! dost thou say? and is that a subject worth a hope?'

"But all these incidents lose their force by repetition. The tone of his voice, so full of holy confidence, made half the expression. Indeed, through life, his sentiments would have lost much of their power, if conveyed by another; his fine and deep-toned voice frequently expressed as much by its modulations, as it uttered in words."

Such was William Cookworthy.

His close was marked by circumstances, with which the spirit of exaggeration has been also busy. It has been insinuated, that, in his last moments, he took the sacrament according to the rites of the

Church of England. That he should have done so, entertaining the religious sentiments which he did, would have been matter of surprise, indeed. But what actually occurred, has been preserved in the hand-writing of one who was present.

With his family around his death bed, he is stated to have expressed himself thus :—

"I must say, with the Apostle; Little children, love one another; hate every thing, that is, in the least, contrary to it in your life, in your conduct to one another;—all envy.—What shall I say to mankind? —That if they feared God, they would be happy. Tell them, your father did not love Dying Sayings.— Yet this you may say, that he says, The Lord God Almighty is Love, and nothing but Love, to his whole creation;'—with something more that could not be collected.

"At another time, lying, to appearance, for some time, exceedingly sunk, to our surprise, he spoke loud, and with more distinctness than for some time before,—having taken nothing but sips of cold water for a considerable time:—'I will eat a bit of bread, and drink a glass of wine, in commemoration of our Lord Jesus Christ;'—repeating that part of Scripture, where our Lord says, *Take, eat &c.*

"He then said, 'I leave you to your liberty, whether to take it with me, or not. Will Polly?'— Lydia said, 'I will, Papa. I can do it with you.'— Polly said, 'Papa, I do not think my mind is in a fit state to take it; and you know, I cannot take it unworthily.'—'O! I believe, Sally can't, and Polly can't.'

—Lydia; 'But I can, Papa; you say, in the remembrance of Christ.'

"Cousin Lydia repeated the words. Polly did so; using the expression, 'On behalf of my father.' Uncle had endeavoured, but could not then speak. When this was done, he asked Polly, if she was easier. She said, 'I am easier, Papa; because every thing that makes you so, will make me;'—or to that effect. A short time after, he said, 'It has long stuck with me.' At another time; 'Twas not my inclination, but made a duty.'

"Some little time afterwards, he said, 'My friends may be righter than I.' Cousin Sally and myself did not find our minds suited to join in it, and chose, by all means, to decline it; but were very glad to have him ease his mind. He added, 'I pay great reverence to Scripture.'"

The rigid Churchman may sneer at the supposed inefficacy of a half-ceremony, while the stern Anti-ceremonialist may scowl at an approach to an outward form at all. But, if it could tend to the refreshment of their parting spirits in extremity, both might well rejoice to do as he did, and die, like him, "the death of the righteous."

At one time, after suffering much pain, he spoke very intelligibly, nearly the following words, with much fervency; "My soul longs to be dissolved and be with Christ."

At another time, waking apparently from sleep, he exclaimed, "I have seen her."—"Whom, Papa?" said his daughter Hobson, who was sitting by him. "I have seen my Sally. She held out her arms to me, and said, 'I will meet thee on the shores of Eternity.'"

Near his close, he said, "Death is like putting off an old coat, to put on a new one." And, after noticing that he was sinking comfortably, he went off quietly without sigh or groan,—as, he said, he thought, would be the case,—with his hand on his daughter Hobson's lap, in his own house in Nut Street, about a quarter past eight o'clock, on the morning of the 17th. of October 1780.

My dear mother's close bore a strong resemblance to her father's, in two circumstances.

At the beginning of her last illness, she mentioned that she had dreamed the night before, of having been encompased by a bright cloud which descended upon her and afforded her inexpressible comfort. She had a sensation of her mother's presence in the cloud; so that she could restrain neither tears nor joy, at the recovery of the long lost treasure. There, then, came a voice, "Oh! my dear, I have been ever near thee;" and she felt herself folded in her mother's arms.

She retained the full use of her mental powers to the last; and, throughout the night before she

breathed her last in this world, when I was alone with her, was the comforter to a sorrow-stricken son. She was evidently full of returning to a long-loved home in the bosom of her God; and declared, in her blessed father's spirit, that she thought "no more of death, than of putting off—an old gown, to put on a new one." I doubt not the reunion of those kindred spirits, long ago. Samuel Fothergill's niece, Alice Chorley, knew her well; and, once, gave me her character, in this pithy sentence;—"She was a heavenly minded woman."

She was kind to every one, and especially to the slighted. The diffident who, from lack of exterior recommendations, happened to be neglected in company, were sure of being noticed by her, and drawn forth to a share of whatever enjoyment might be going forward.

And how can I possibly forget her fond embrace and endearing words, when, in answer to my question, whether there was any other God than Jesus Christ, she said, with a full heart, "Certainly not, my dear." I was then scarcely five years old. She had just put me to bed, and, as was her wont, was singing me to sleep with one of Watts' Hymns, which gave rise to the question, on a calm evening, at Nine Elms on the Banks of the Thames, where my father then resided, during the summer months. That tender mother, not only taught me to read, when no one else could, but flogged me soundly on the very day when I completed my fourth year. Honoured be her virtuous efforts to conquer disobedience and self-will.

As for her father's worn out coat, as he would have considered it, the inhabitants of Plymouth attended it to the grave in such throngs, that the funeral party had difficulty in finding seats in the Meeting held on the occasion.

When Hartley had heard the termination of his old fellow-labourer's mortal career, he rose from the seat where he had been listening, stepped to my father who had been giving him the details, and, in silent tears, embraced and kissed the son in law of

WILLIAM COOKWORTHY.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?
. . . . . .
Quando ullum invenient parem?

[Who would] restrain the tender tear?
[Who] blush to weep for one so dear?
. . . . . .
[When will the children of man-] kind
An equal to [him ever] find?—*Francis.*

APPENDIX.

No. I.

FROM A PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER OF 20TH OF OCTOBER 1780.

Last Tuesday morning, died Mr. William Cookworthy of Plymouth, an eminent Minister of the People called Quakers, and one of the greatest Chemists this Nation ever produced.

With strong natural talents, sanctified by the religion of his Divine Master, full of love and good will to all mankind, he practically recommended the universal principle which influenced his whole conduct. Simplicity and wisdom were happily united in his character. The goodness of his heart, the greatness of his understanding, the vivacity of his manners, and his universal knowledge, rendered his company and conversation useful, interesting, and pleasing.

A Philosopher without pride, a Christian without bigotry, he lived beloved by all who were favoured with his friendship; and, after a life dedicated to the service of Christianity, with an unshaken confidence in his approaching felicity, having fought the good fight of faith, he laid hold on eternal life, through

Jesus Christ his Saviour; being favoured, whilst here, with an undoubted evidence that he should be admitted into that Kingdom, in which the Saints in light rejoice for evermore.

No. II.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE MONTHLY MEETING OF PLYMOUTH, CONCERNING OUR DECEASED FRIEND, WILLIAM COOKWORTHY.

Our much esteemed friend was a native of Kingsbridge in this county.

The earlier part of his life, though within the bounds of morality, was spent in an apparent distance from the principles of our profession, in which he was educated. Yet his judgment seemed to have been early convinced of their propriety and consistency with the Scriptures; as he was often, in this period, called upon, in various companies, to defend them.

Towards the 31st year of his age, the power of truth took more effectual hold of his mind:—and, gradually submitting, in the course of some years, to its operation, he, at length, thought it necessary to retire from his outward affairs, that the dispensation he was under, might accomplish the great end for which it was administered. In this retirement, a blessed and happy change was wrought, by a submission of his own to the Divine will; and laying aside his acquired

knowledge, and all dependence on the natural abilities of unenlightened reason, he followed his Good Guide, in the way of the Cross, and accepted, with ready obedience, a gift in the ministry.

Intent upon improving the talent committed to his trust, he laboured diligently in the Western counties, and also in places more distant, when he apprehended himself called thereto. For about 25 years, he held a Meeting at his own house, every First day evening, when at home and permitted by health;—at first, designed for his own family; but it was soon attended by most of the younger Friends in this place, and frequently to their great satisfaction. In the exercise of his gift, he was mostly concerned to address his auditory in the pathetic, persuasive language of love; whether it was to encourage, to exhort, or even to reprove or reclaim. To the poor, the afflicted, and the mourner, he was remarkably a true Son of consolation, by the healing balm, through him administered to their several states. In the discipline of the Church, he was concerned to reclaim offenders, by repeated attempts to convince them of the impropriety and consequences of inconsistent or disorderly conduct;—not to draw over them the line of severity, except where lenity was inadmissible;—but, in all cases, the tenderness and love, which so evidently marked the performance of his religious and social duties, were never suspended. Sound in judgment, and of a most comprehensive mind; humane and benevolent in the highest degree; attached to no party; open to conviction, though steady in his reli-

gious principles; his chief views were directed to the general good of mankind; so that he may be said to have fulfilled that excellent precept; "to do good and to communicate, forget not."

In the course of his business, as well as on account of his extensive knowledge, he was often in company with men eminent for their abilities or superior rank; and as we believe that, on such occasions, his conversation and address were consistent with his religious profession, he thereby exhibited a striking example of the superiority of Christian simplicity over the vanity and absurdities of the manners and customs of the world.

Towards the close of his life, it pleased the Wise Disposer of all good to lead him through an afflicting exercise of mind as well as body;—from which, when its purpose was accomplished,—which seemed to be a further purification and preparation for his final change,—he was brought forth with apparent tokens of a mind as resigned, as it was fitted for a heavenly mansion. As he drew near his end, he was calm, sensible of his approaching dissolution, and unclouded in his hope of happiness. In company with his friends, he expressed what had been the prevailing wish of his life, in a short comment on the text, "Glory to God in the highest;—on earth, peace, good will towards men."

The esteem of his neighbours, of which few men ever had more, was apparent in the extraordinary concourse which attended his remains.

He departed the seventeenth day of the Tenth

month, 1780, in the 76th year of his age, and the 35th of his ministry.

Signed in our Monthly Meeting, held at Plymouth in Devonshire, the 4th day of 3rd month, 1781.

No. III.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM COOKWORTHY, LATE OF PLYMOUTH, A MINISTER AMONG THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS, AND AN EMINENT CHEMIST, WHO DIED THE 17TH OF THE 10TH MONTH 1780, AGED 75.

THE pious character of this great and good man is so generally known, that it is not possible to be buried in oblivion. Yet every Christian mind will be desirous of preserving Memorials of persons eminent in religion.

As a Minister, he was clear, pathetic, engaging, persuasive beyond all language, and indefatigably assiduous.

As a Parent, he was watchful in his example, affectionately tender in his advice, and a constant encourager of piety and virtue.

As a Member of society, he was a promoter and preserver of harmony, peace, and good will: and few have more essentially contributed to its real happiness.

As a Friend, through Christian tenderness and true sympathy, his mind was ever susceptible of the

finest feelings of humanity. To the poor, benevolently kind:—to the rich, a pattern of condescension:—and to all, an engaging and delightful companion.

As a Man and Christian, he shone in literature; still more, in science; and most of all, in religion.

Through a heavenly meekness, conscious innocence and integrity, he bore unmerited censure with the greatest contentment. Steady and indefatigable in the prosecution of laudable and religious designs, he seldom failed of success.

In short, his profound depth of understanding, his great knowledge in literature, practice in science, and experience in religion, rendered his company pleasing and instructive to every rank of people, and made him most esteemed, where he was most known. While he shone as the Scholar, Philosopher, and Christian, he exampled us in the most child-like simplicity, and dependence on The Great Universal Parent.

He was comely in his person; kind and charitable in his disposition; courteous and truly polite in his carriage, beyond all forms of breeding. He united the ease and affability of the true gentleman, with the sobriety and dignity of the sincere Christian.

In the solemn approach of his final Adieu to all worldly endearments, his internal peace being founded upon the impregnable basis of True Faith, he welcomed the stroke of death with undaunted fortitude; and, in the full assurance, by an admittance into the holy, spiritual Kingdom, of drawing near to The Source of Refulgent Glory and Divine Beatitude.

No. IV.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PROPERTIES OF THE VIRGULA DIVINA.

As what I have seen on this subject, appears to have been writ by people who had no true knowledge of it, so I shall take no notice of what they say, but proceed simply to set down what I have observed, in hopes that the Instrument may come into use, and be of that service to mankind, which, I am convinced, the Author of Nature intended it.

The Hazel Rod had, I believe, formerly the sole honour of being thought fit for this use. But this is a very great mistake, the property being in all rods.

So it was also supposed, it would not answer in all hands:—which is another mistake; owing to the same way of thinking with the former. For, some persons, finding the Willow would not answer with them, judged it to want the virtue; and then, trying other persons with the Hazel, and finding it not to answer with them, concluded from thence, that those persons wanted the Virtue, as it was called:—whereas had they given what were thought the useless rods to those persons who were thought to be without the virtue, they would have discovered their mistake. For, either the Hazel or Willow will actually answer with all persons, if they are in health, and use it moderately and at a proper season;—which is at some

convenient distance,—to be found by experiment,—after meals, and when they are not low-spirited.

I have said above, that all rods will answer under proper limitations. But it must be further observed, that the rods may be divided into two sorts; to one or the other of which, all of them belong.

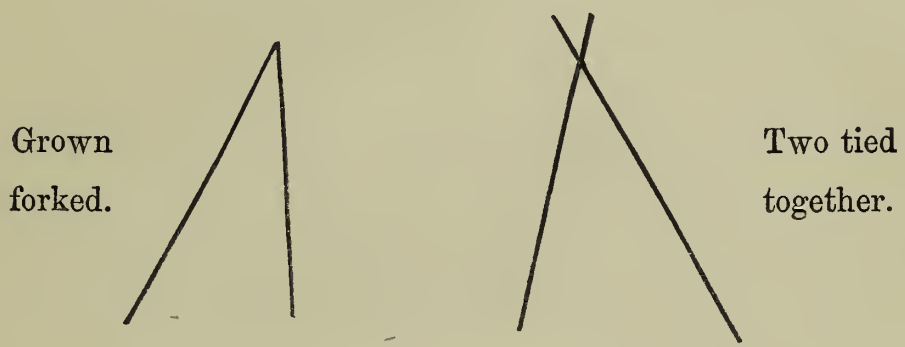
The first are those which bear fruit or nuts; all which work with me, and, by what I have hitherto observed, with about three parts in four of mankind, if they are rightly directed in the use of them.

There may be several sorts that belong to this class, which bear no fruit nor nuts, for ought I know. Experience hath taught me, that the Elm belongs to it. The Willow is the only tree of the other kind, that I can be positive about; having made but few experiments, that way. One thing comes properly at this place, viz. that all rods, in all hands, are attracted by springs. I have also observed, that some persons have the virtue intermittently, so that the rod shall be attracted in their hands, one half hour, and repelled the next.

The rod is attracted by all the metals, bones, coals, amber, limestone, and springs of water; but with different degrees of strength, to be further taken notice of, in a proper place.

The best rods are those from the Hazel tree, as they are pliant and tough. They ought to be cut in the winter, when the sap is down. What have been hitherto used, were grown fork't; and such ought to be chosen, as have the shoots as nearly equal in length and bigness as possible. They ought to be about 2

feet or 2 feet ½ long; though this is not essential. As one cannot always procure such rods, two single ones may be tied together by some vegetable thread; and they will answer as well as the others. The appearance of both sorts is nearly like the figure beneath.



The most convenient and handy method of holding the rod, is that described in the beginning of Agricola (p. 28); that is, the palms of the hands turned upwards, and the two ends of the rod coming outwards. The palms should be held horizontal, as nearly as possible. The part, in the hand, ought to be strait and not to be bent backward or forward. The upper arm should be kept pretty close to the sides, with the elbows resting on them, and the lower arm making nearly a right angle with the upper, though rather a little more acute. The rod ought to be so held, that, in its working, the sides may move clear of the little fingers. The position of it, when properly held, will be nearly like the figure beneath; where, the distance between the downward lines, is the part that is supposed to be in the hands.

The rods may be either dry or green.

The best manner of carrying the rod, is with the end protruded in an angle of about 80 degrees from the horizon; as, by this method of carrying it, the repulsion is more plainly perceived, than if it was held perpendicularly.

But, after all the directions that can be given, the adroit use of it can only be attained by practice and attention.

I shall now proceed to give an account of the properties I have remarked in it.

1. As soon as the Person's foremost foot comes near the attracting body,—as far as I can observe, its semidiameter—the end of the rod is repelled towards the face. Then, open the hands a little; replace the rod, and approach nearer, and the repulsion will be continued till the foot is on or over the attracting body.

2. When this is the case, the rod will, first, be repelled a little; viz. 2 or 3 inches; and then, be attracted towards the metal; that is, its end will be drawn down toward it.

3. 'Tis necessary that the grasp should be steady;

for if, when it is going on, there is the least succussion or counteraction in the hands, though ever so small, it will greatly impair, and, generally, totally prevent its activity;—which is not to be done by the mere strength of the grasp; for, provided this be steady as above mentioned, no strength can stop it.

4. When it hath been drawn down, it must not be thrown back, without opening the hands; a fresh grasp being necessary to every attraction. But then, the least opening of the hands is sufficient.

5. As long as the person continues to be over the attracting body, the rod continues to be attracted. But as soon as the forefoot is beyond, it is, then, drawn backward to the face.

6. A piece of the same matter with the attracting body, held in the hand, or applied to any part of the rod, prevents its attraction, and causes it to be repelled toward the face:—on which property, depends the whole art and practice of distinguishing one metal or vein from another. To be taken notice of when I come to treat of the way of distinguishing.

7. The least portion of a rod of the attracting kind, held under the person's arm-pit, or closely applied to his side, totally prevents the attraction to all the subjects of the rod, and causes them to repel it, excepting springs of water; its attraction to which, is only to be prevented by spitting on the hands, or moistening them with water; which acts according to the sixth observation. But the power of stopping is exhausted from the spittle or water, long before the hand is dry;—which plainly proves, 'tis not the

water merely, but something spirituous or etherial joined to and separable from it, that does the business.

8. A little yarn, silk-hair, or any other animal thread, fastened to the rod, or to each rod, if double, hath the same effect as the preceding, in every respect.

9. A piece of metal, placed in the rod or hand of a person with whom that rod doth not naturally answer, will cause it to be attracted, in his hands, by the same sort of metal he hath there, or which is placed in the rod.

10. A rod of the same tribe, held under his arm as in Obs: 7, causes it to be attracted by all the proper subjects, as if he had had the virtue to that rod naturally, though, I think, rather weaker.

11. Animal threads, applied as in Obs: 8, have the same effect with the preceding.

12. The subjects of the rod draw with different degrees of strength; which I discovered by placing some of each kind under my feet, in this manner; viz. a piece of gold under the advanced foot, and a piece of copper under the other, when the rod was drawn down;—then shift the metals, and the rod was drawn toward my face;—by which, it was plain, the attraction from the gold was the stronger. And by comparing the subjects of the rod in this manner, I found that the respective strengths of their attraction were in this order:

13. 1st, Gold; 2d, Copper, 3d, Iron; 4th, Silver; 5th, Tin; 6th, Lead; 7th, Bones; 8th, Coals; 9th, Springs and

Limestone, the same degree. Gold and Copper, Tin Silver and Lead, mutually stop the operation of the rod, as if the same metal was used.

Thus, a piece of copper, held in the hand or fixed to the rod, will stop it to gold; and gold, to that; lead to tin and silver, and so vice versâ; so that we cannot say, whether 'tis gold or copper, nor can any distinction be made between tin, lead and silver, but by the foot as in Obs: 12.

14. The attraction may be carried through any number of persons who have the virtue of the rod used; or if they have not, a bit of that kind may be put under their arm as in Obs: 7. Let them hold hands, as in Electrical experiments; and the person, at one end of the string, putting his foot on a piece of metal, &c. let him, at the other end, press the person who holds the rod pretty closely on the side, and it will go down the same, as if his own foot was on it. And, by this means, one may try any person, whether or not he hath the virtue of that rod which agrees with him who tries him.

15. After having observed, that any thing, which, by engrossing the attention too much, or by making the mind anxious, diverts or exhausts the spirits, will stop the operation of the rod, I would remark, that 'tis plain, a person may be very easily deceived in making experiments with this instrument; there being, in metallic countries, vast quantities of attracting stones scattered through the earth. The attractions of springs are continually occurring; and, even about town, bits of iron, pins &c. may easily be

the means of deceiving the unwary. For, as quantity makes no alteration in the strength, but only in the wideness, of the attraction, a pin under one foot would stop the attraction of any quantity of every other sort but gold, which might be under the other:—and a person having found an attraction, when he came to distinguish the least shifting of the hindmost foot, by bringing it over a metallic substance, though ever so small, might confound the experiment;—which may also be done by the state of the mind, as I have observed above. Whoever, therefore, will make experiments, need be very cautious in exploring the ground, (or he may be sometimes deceived); and be sure, not to be anxious:—for which reason, I would advise him, in case of debates, not to be too warm and lay wagers on the success, but, unruffled, leave the unbelievers to their infidelity, and commit it to time and Providence, to convince people of the reality of the thing. Though, if the discovery of lodes, or finding where those run which are already discovered, will do, a person, who can use the rod tolerably, may soon give the greatest sceptic sufficient satisfaction, except they are determined not to be convinced.

Having thus mentioned, I think, all the properties I have remarked, I come, now, to the use of the rod, in discovering lodes or veins. But previous to this, it will be necessary to make some slight remarks on their nature; of which, I fear, the Learned have given us but very imperfect accounts. And I believe, a Devonshire or Cornish cliff or deep-worn highway might teach an attentive mind more of the matter in

two days inspection of them, than the reading of all the authors who have ever writ on the subject.

The earth may be, and generally is by the miners, considered as Fast or Loose. By the former, are meant those parts of it which were not moved at the Flood; for, on this hypothesis they continually go. The latter, they supposed to have been moved; and it plainly hath been so. And as this is the first thing dug through in mining, I shall begin, by giving a few observations I have made on it.

1. In most parts of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, it is composed of an arable earth, mixed with a great variety of shelf and stones, which are fragments of the rocks and veins below. And the earth, generally, grows fuller and fuller of these stones, the nearer one comes to the Fast. We have sometimes strata of a yellow or blueish clay, as part of the Loose.

2. This Loose is, ordinarily, very shallow; seldom more than 4 or 5 feet deep;—commonly, not more than 2 or 3. And sometimes, our common footpaths are in the Fast; and our hollow ways, some fathoms in it.

3. In other places, as, in the rich country about Crediton, 'tis so deep, that the Fast was never yet discovered, though they have gone 80 feet deep:—the country, though hard, being plainly a composition of earth and fragments of stones, among which, there are pieces of such grey or dove colour marble as we have at Plymouth. On Blackdown, nigh Taunton, they dig to near 20 fathom in a stratum of a sandy

matter, which, after it is taken out, hardens to a stone used as a whetstone for scythes, over the nation. Among this stratum, to the depth mentioned, they find abundance (and a great variety) of shells, as, cockles &c. appearing as entire, as if they were alive. Near the surface of this hill, are beds of a very beautiful flint, or hornstone, as it is called and described by Glauber. I saw once, what, I believe, was a concretion from those flints, exactly in the shape of an animal like the Equus marinus, and transparent and hard as an agate. In some other places, the Loose, to an unknown depth, shall be strata of a kind of sandy stone composed of flint sand cemented by someting of a limestone or marble nature;—which may be plainly proved; for, on pouring aqua fortis diluted on a bit of the stone, the separation will be made; viz. the limestone part dissolving in the menstruum, and the other settling to the bottom and appearing to be mere sand. I never made the experiment exactly: but I believe, at least one third of this compound stone is of the limestone kind. Now, 'tis plain, this is not Fast; as, all over the country, amongst it, there are large quantities of pebble marble of the same kind with ours at Plymouth;—which, doubtless, are fragments of some veins that lie beneath, though they were never discovered.

These observations, I hope, will not, on due reflection, appear trifling or impertinent, as, I think, this subject hath not, as yet, been sufficiently considered. And whoever will please to attend to the distinction, will find it very necessary; for, as the metallic and

other veins are under this Loose, 'tis plain enough that a person ignorant of this distinction, would be sadly disappointed in any mining adventure in the countries where no one knows how far it is to the East, which is made up, with us, of what the miners call Countries and Courses. The country is either Kellas or Growan. Kellas is a stone of the slate kind; that used for houses, being a sort of it. It is in a vast variety of hardness and stiffness;—sometimes, almost as soft as clay; at others, as hard as flint. Growan is that called Moorstone; which, like the Kellas, is sometimes easy to dig through, and, when broken and dug up, appears like gravel, but always angular. It is composed of quartz or white flint of an angular form, and a sort of talcy substance. The harder kinds polish well and are said to be the same with the Egyptian granite.

The country, whether Kellas or Growan, is composed of distinct beds of these stones, which lie slanting in the earth; and the water trickles between their cominisures or the distance between the beds, which is generally very narrow, being but just perceptible at times. The direction of these beds is generally about East and West; and if, at any time, they deviate from it, 'tis looked on as unnatural; and, in fact, they soon return to their usual direction of East and West. Among this country run the courses, or marble and metallic veins; on which, I think necessary to make the following observations.

1. Marble, Iron, Copper and Tin run East and West; and Lead, or the veins which naturally yield

it to advantage, North and South, and are called cross courses.

2. That all courses or lodes are far from containing metal every where. In the places, where they contain metal, they are said to be, Quick; and where they are without it, Dead.

3. This is as true of the marble, as of the rest; for this vein in many places is hard, and will not dissolve in aqua fortis, or burn to lime; wanting that part, which the limeburners naturally enough call metal; it being shining, and what makes the stone valuable to them; and limestones are said to be richer or poorer, as they abound or are deficient in this metal. Thus, our Plymouth and the South-Ham marble is very rich; and that about the North of Devon, very poor and the veins narrow; frequently, not above a foot; whereas, with us, they are 20, 40, or even 60 yards wide. That this distinction is a just one, an obvious instance is to be met with, about twelve miles from hence, where a vein which, in one place, was white marble, not far from it, is a dead hard stone.

And as the veins run for a good way near the cliff or sea-side, one may find some parts limestone, some not;—the white veins, at one part, quartz, or white flint; at others, spaltum or spaad, as the Germans call it; which is the sparr of limestone or marble, and seldom found in any other but in lead mines. These veins, in Cornwall, especially in the Western parts where they are always dead, are called Elvans Capels, and perhaps other names, as their contextures

and appearances vary; which they do greatly, as they pass through different countries.

4. Veins or Courses, as they descend into the earth, seldom or never do it in a perpendicular direction, but obliquely and sloping; which is called their Underlay. Thus, when it slopes toward the North, and as the direction comes nearer to, or deviates from a perpendicular to the horizon, the lode is said to underlay less or more.

5. As lodes are quick or dead, in regard to their course or direction East and West, so are they, in regard to their depth;—some having metal to their very top, immediately under the Loose; which are then said to be quick to grass; others contain scarce a single grain of metal, till they are dug to the depth of many fathoms. This observation holds also in the marble veins, but most especially in copper.

6. Veins of all kinds differ vastly in their breadth at different places; so that the same vein shall be, in one place, many feet wide, and, in another, not the 8th of an inch.

7. All North courses break off all veins that run in the other direction, and thread after the course of the vein according to the underlay of the cross course. They are also broken off, in their depth or underlay by a course of clay called by the miners, Flookans; which, if they have the same direction with the vein, are called Course Flookans; and if these underlay, either more or less in a contrary direction from the vein or lode, they must plainly interfere; in which cases, the Flookan breaks through the lode, and forms

a new back to it (as Sh. 2. fig. 3); which is either brought nearer the surface or thrown down further from it, as the interfering is caused by a quicker or different underlay. But I am not miner enough to determine which of the effects is produced by one or the other of these.

8. Veins frequently have several metals in them, according to the nature of the countries they go through. Thus, in Cornwall, this is, generally, before they come to the copper, and, frequently, mixed with it; and some veins have iron, tin and copper in them, exclusive of mundick, which is, at bottom, iron; but, being poisoned with arsenic, it doth not draw the rod.

9. There appears to be a regular succession and number of these veins:—the Limestone being about 16, with 2 veins of iron and 2 of tin, between them. Then, comes the copper vein. Then, several more of iron, and one of tin. And, after that, the marble again.

10. But in countries, where a particular metal abounds, a vein shall spread into a kind of tree, whose branches are large; but I believe, in their course, they unite again. I will not be positive about circumstances; but I am convinced, there is a general ground of truth in the above observations, which may be ascertained by future ones.

To explain all these things, I have given draughts of the courses, as I have observed them at different places, to which I refer. Vide

[These Draughts are not with G. H.]

Veins, where they are ever so poor, or even dead, draw the rod as strongly, as in their richest parts.

The part that draws the rod, is what the miners call the back of the lode, that is, the top of it immediately under the Loose. This is invariably true if the vein is Quick to grass, or contains metal on the back, or else totally dead in all depths. But in case it should be dead on the backs, and should yet contain metal in depth, I cannot determine, whether the attraction would be perpendicularly over the back, or over that part of the lode where it begins to contain metal. This question is stated to the eye, in fig. 2. Sh. 2.

So, in case of the lodes being broken, and the new back hove up or down, as the miners call it, by a flookan, whether this new back gives a new attraction, is a question, I cannot, at present, resolve.

There are many other particulars which might be observed at veins and lodes; but what has been said, I believe, will be sufficient to the present subject.

The 2 last observations were necessary to be made, in order that the questions may be determined. For, should the truth be, that the lode begins to draw, where it begins to have metal, or the new backs made by the interfering of flookans cause another attraction, 'tis plain one should not cut the lode at the beginning of the Fast; but possibly it might be necessary to dig many fathoms, before it could be cut; by which means, the Rod might be unjustly blamed by injudicious persons. Having made these neces-

sary observations, I now proceed to the use of the rod on veins, in discovering and tracing them.

The Method of doing which, is this.

Let the person hold the Rod, as already directed, and walking North or South, a moderate pace, inclining to slow: but if he would be exact and discover the tricklings of water or springs, he must step so short, as that the heel of the advanced foot must not come before the toe of the hindermost shoe. Walking on, then, in the line a a a a, as he arrives successively at b b b,—which are springs, and the distance between them, courses or beds of Kellas or Growan,—as his foremost foot comes nearer the line, the Rod will be repelled to his face:—if he sets his next foot, as directed, it will be drawn down. Let him then stand still, spit to his hands or moisten them, and replace the Rod; and it will according to Obs: 6, 7, on the properties of the Rod, be repelled toward his face. Let him then advance the other foot, after drying his hands, and the Rod will be drawn back according to Obs: 5 on the properties of the Rod. For, these springs, being of a very small breadth, are presently passed over; which is the reason why a person, in order to discover them, ought to step short; else, they might be between his feet.

As soon as the person, who carries the Rod, arrives at c c c, the Rod will be repelled, and continue to be so, till he arrives at d d d, where there will be the attraction of the spring belonging to the lode, if he approaches it on that side the spring lies. Let him, then, go on, and he will, immediately after one single

repulsion, be on the attraction of the Lode, which begins at e e e, and reaches to f f f; between which, there is no holding up the rod, but it is continually and irresistibly attracted, if held and managed according to the directions I have given :—and when a person has grown to a tolerable practice, the effect is vastly quick and surprising. As soon as the person is arrived so far as the line f f f, and his foremost foot is without it, the Rod is then attracted toward the face; let the person then turn back on his heel, and he will immediately feel the attraction again; and, thus, moving on in the pricked line g g g, he may trace the lode as far as he pleases, or else, for dispatch, go on in the middle of it, turning as soon as he feels the repulsion.

Lodes as they go through hard countries especially, are very much altered in their breadth in different places, and their course, too, is continually broken and disturbed. Such a lode is described in fig 2. Sheet 1. A A A. Trace it on, like the other, and toward the place where 'tis broken off, or twisted, it will be narrowed, and, at b b b, the Rod will be attracted back in the face. Let the Operator, then, make a sweep as c c c, till he meets again with the Lode.

When a steady course, or a bunchy one, meets with a cross course, the cross course always breaks it off, and turns it out of its course, as fig: 4; where the effect it hath and the method of retrieving the lode are already shewn; AA, the Lode; BB the cross course. The appearance to the rod is as I have

drawn it; but the veins come up flat to the cross course, as in fig. 5. The reason of this difference, I know not. This fig. 5 represents several veins approaching and broken off by a cross course running through them.

The best method of marking out the course of the veins to the eye, is by sticking short sticks in the ground, just where their attraction appears to begin; —the effect of which is described, on a lode interrupted by a cross course, fig. 3:—which clearly shews the method to the eye which may be applied to Lodes in all circumstances.

I come now to the way of distinguishing one Lode or metal from another; without which the Instrument is of little or no use. The foundation of this distinction is in Obs: 6—9, on the properties of the Rod; and the whole skill consists in the application of them to practice.

In order, therefore, to distinguish of what kind the body or lode is, which attracts;—if the rod is single, let a person put a piece of any one of the attracting bodies in his hand; and if the rod, instead of being attracted, is repelled, what attracts is of the same kind as that which is in the hand;—under the limitations, taken notice of, in Obs: 13, on the properties of the Rod. Thus, if a piece of Copper stops and makes it to be repelled, 'tis Gold or Copper;—If Lead, 'tis either that metal, tin or silver; and so, for the rest. If the attracting substance is compound, 'tis plain, the Rod will not be stopped, till what is in the hand, is also compound. Thus, to limestone vein,

which hath both Lead and Copper in it, the rod would continue to be attracted, 'till all these things were taken into the hand. But, as 'tis very easy for a person to stop the motion of the rod by the least jerk or counteraction, the best method of distinction is the positive one, that is, by the going down of the rod; by preparing rods, which shall only be attracted by such and such subjects, and shall be repelled by the rest:—which is easily thus effected:—

Keep in little boxes, separately, filings of Copper, or Œrug: Œris, lightly calcined white lead-putty or Silver, Iron filings, powder of Loadstone or Lap: Hæmatites, Raspings of bones, Powder of Coals, Limestone or Lime in powder. These things being procured, the distinguishing rods may be prepared two ways. Thus, for instance, according to Obs: 6, if white lead, iron, coals, bones and limestone are applied to a rod, that rod will only be attracted by that metal, of which there is none applied to the rod, that is gold or copper. So, if the white lead is left out, and the verdigris added, that rod will be a distinguishing rod for Silver. If the iron filings or Lap: Hæmatites is left out, 'twill be a rod for distinguishing iron; and so, of the rest.

'Tis thus that rods are prepared for distinguishing, when those vegetables are used, that are naturally attracted with the person who holds them.

Another way is; to place any of the species in the head of a rod that does not naturally work with a person; when, agreeable to Obs: 9, on the use of the

Rod, that metal will draw in the hands, it repelled it before.

The method of preparing the rods may be thus, that no one may possibly mistake. To make copper or gold rods for those persons, the Hazel naturally agrees with :—Take a forked Hazel dried; bore a small hole in the head of it; then, take a few grains of each of the following, Viz. Ceruss—Lap: Hæmatites—Bones—Coals and Limestone, all in powder; mix them on a paper; and put the powder into the hole in the head of the rod; and drive in a proper peg, to fill up the hole; cut it off; and the rod is prepared. If a double rod is used, the end of each branch must be prepared in the above manner.

A forked Willow or Ash, or two boughs tied together with a vegetable cord, and having calcined Verdigris in them, or by being gilt, would answer the same end.

I hope, I need not enlarge on the method of preparing distinguishing rods, having made it sufficiently plain. And the method of using them is as plain; for on a Lode being found by the common rod, try it with all the distinguishing rods, as many of them as it attracts, so many sorts of metal does that Lode actually contain, or is naturally given to.

As it hath been already taken notice of, that the rod makes no distinction between the poor and rich, the quick and dead, parts of a vein, it may be thought to be of no real use or service to mankind. But this conclusion is too hasty; being much at one, as if a

person should charge the loadstone as useless, because it don't ascertain the goodness of the voyage, or preserve from shipwreck or privateers:—which will appear by considering that a person may determine the course, breadth, and kind of every vein, by this instrument.

1. Supposing then, I had an estate in a metal country, to the Eastward or Westward of a considerable mine, and pretty near it; say, the next estate;—if I had a desire to open that vein in my estate, I have only to go and take it where it is wrought, and trace it, as directed, into and through my estate.

2. In case any shoads or stones containing metal should be found, or good limestone, in this case, a man is certain, there is a vein or veins in the hill, that are good. Supposing a tin stone, for example, to be found in or near a hill; and on trying, I find but one vein, as expressed by F F in fig. 3, I am certain, that this vein is, in some part of it at least, quick. To find this part, I must open it in different places, till I come to L L L, where it is supposed to be quick.

3. It is a useful instrument, as a person may make a subterranean map, by its means, of his estate, or any part of it; which is not only of great use, in discovering veins, but in recovering them, when squeezed by the country or cut by cross courses; driving adits; discovering quarries of building stone; and many other uses, to which sagacious men will put it.

The method of recovering a lode is already shewn

in describing that of tracing one. But as veins are frequently double, or two of the same kind run near each other, and are sometimes thrown out of their course further than they are distant from each other, a person might be mistaken in his judgment in such a case;—which is demonstrated to the eye, in Sh. 2. fig. 1, where C C N. 2 is supposed to be a quick Copper Lode, with another, dead, near it, and a cross course meeting and throwing them greatly out of their common direction; a person would plainly mistake without care, and pitch on C 1 for C 2 on the right hand of the cross course. But, if the spot was accurately drawn, and the veins properly distinguished, 'twould be hardly possible to err.

So, in driving adits, supposing Sh: 3 to be a hill, in which there were two mines, L L L a tin mine, and M M M one of copper, on the veins F and D, A A A the pack of dead limestone, E the iron veins, and C C C the cross course. A person, then, who had a mind to drive an adit to M, would, in a common way, begin at G, and carry it on, in the direction G G, to M; by which, all the hard ground, that is, the dead limestone A A, must be dug through: whereas, when the cross course C C was discovered, as these are generally soft, by beginning at H, and carrying through the cross course H H H, and then, as soon as the hard ground was passed, striking off by H H to M, 'tis plain, much labour and expense would be saved.

Again; these courses of dead limestone, like all others, are, at particular places, greatly contracted, as

at B B; in which case, the usefulness of the rod will appear, in driving an adit to L L L in the vein F F F; which, supposing it to begin at I, and conducted along at III, the dead limestone must be dug through at a place where they are very wide, and all the iron vein E E E E must be also dug through, which are generally very wide and hard veins: whereas, by beginning at K, and cutting the limestone at B, so conducting it as K K K, through the course, till the iron veins are passed; and, then, breaking off to L L by K K, the hard ground is avoided, and the adit managed to much greater advantage.

The use of it, in discovering Quarries, is not contemptible. For instance, in building-stone. In our country, the first is generally, as hath been observed, a slate-like shelf, which is frequently used for building, tho' vastly inferior, for that end, to the dead limestones: and as, in some places, the Loose is so deep, that their course is unknown, to discover this and their breadth, would be very agreeable to any one who hath occasion for good building-stone.

So, in slate quarries, by taking the spring that belongs to a vein of slate, already discovered, and tracing it, either East or West, to the opposite hill, I am convinced, the same vein may be cut; but then, it may not have, in another place, the same good qualities as may render it valuable, as in the place wrought.

I have already hinted something about the effect Flookans may be supposed to have on the attraction of the rod, when veins are broken by them, or their

underlay. I think it necessary to be a little more particular, and in order to it, shall explain fig. 3, which is supposed to be a section of the Earth. N°. 1 is an instance of a vein's underlaying faster than the Flookan, and N°. 2, the Interfering, is occasioned by their different underlay.

No. 1. A A is the Vein; G G G, the Flookan; B, the place of Interfering; C, the new Back. Now, the question is, whether or no there may not attracting effluvia ascend from this at F F, and make a new attraction at E E E, so as to make this appear to the rod, as two veins; one, attracting at D D D; and another, at E E E. This is what I cannot determine, but leave it to future observation and experiments. 'Tis necessary it should be done, as there is plainly room for deception; since, if a person was to sink a shaft on E, he would not cut the Lode at the Fast, nor till he came to C; which might be some fathoms, as is more remarkably the case in

No. 2; where A A is the Vein; B B, the Underlay; E E E, the Flookan; C, the place of Interfering; D, the new Back; F, the attraction from it to G, where it may be supposed to operate on the rod, as another Vein.

Fig. 2 is a draught of what may be supposed to be the effect of a vein dead on the back, but Quick, in depth, for instance, at C. The question is, whether it will attract at A A A or E E E; which I cannot determine.

No. V.

[Referred to in pa. 48 of the Memoir. Without a date.]

It is, now, near twenty years since I discovered that the Ingredients, used by the Chinese in the composition of their Porcelain, were to be got, in immense quantities, in the county of Cornwall. And, as I have since that time, by abundance of experiments, clearly proved this to the entire satisfaction of many ingenious men, I was willing this Discovery might be preserved to posterity, if I should not live to carry it into a Manufacture: and, with this view, I have thought proper to put in writing, in a summary way, all I have discovered about this matter.

The account of the materials used by the Chinese, is very justly given by the Jesuit Missionaries, as well as their manner of preparing and mixing them into the Chinaware paste. They observe, the Chinese have two sorts of bodies for Porcelain; one prepared with Petunse and Caulin; the other, with Petunse and Wha She or Soapy Rock. The Petunse they describe to be prepared from a quarry stone of a particular kind, by beating it in stamping-mills, and washing off and settling the parts which are beaten fine. This ingredient gives the ware transparency and mellowness, and is used for glazing it. The stone of this Petunse is a species of the granite, or, as we in the West call it, the Moor-stone.

I first discovered it in the parish of Germo, in a

hill called Tregonnin hill. The whole country in depth is of this stone. It reaches, East and West, from Breag to Germo; and, North and South, from Tregonnin hill to the sea. From the cliffs, some of this stone hath been brought to Plymouth, where it was used in the casemates of the Garrison. But I think, the best quarries are in Tregonnin hill. The stone is compounded of small pellucid gravel, and a whitish matter, which indeed is Caulin petrified. And as the Caulin of Tregonnin hill hath abundance of Mica in it, this stone hath them also. If the stone is taken a fathom or two from the surface, where the rock is quite solid, it is stained with abundance of greenish spots, which are very apparent, when it is wetted. This is a circumstance noted by the Jesuits, who observe that the stones, which have the most of this quality, are the most proper for the preparation of the glaze: and I believe, this remark is just, as I know that they are the most easily vitrifiable, and that a vein of this kind in Tregonnin hill is so much so that it makes an excellent glaze without the addition of vitrescent ingredients. If a small crucible is filled up with this stone, or a piece of it put in it, and exposed to the most violent fire of a good wind furnace for an hour, the stone will be melted into a beautiful mass: all its impurities will be discharged; one part of it will be almost of a limpid transparency, and the other appear in spots as white as snow. The former is the gravel; the other, the Caulin, reduced by fire to purity. If the fire is not continued long enough to effect this, the upper part

and middle of the mass will be of a dirty colour, and the bottom and parts of the sides fine.

CAULIN.

This material, in the Chinese way of speaking, constitutes the bones, as the Petunse does the flesh, of Chinaware. It is a white talcy earth, found in our granite country in both the counties of Devon and Cornwall. It lies in different depths beneath the surface. Sometimes, there shall be a fathom or more of earth above it; and, at other times, two or three feet. It is found in the sides of the hills, and in the valleys; in the sides, where following the course of the hills, the surface sinks, or is concave, and seldom, I believe, or never, where it swells or is convex. By what I have observed, it is, by no means, a regular stratum; but is rather in bunches or heaps, the regular continuance of which is frequently interrupted by gravel and other matters. At times, there are veins of it among the solid rocks; when, it is constantly very pure from gravel. I have a piece, by me, of this kind, very fine.

There are inexhaustible stores of this Caulin in the two Western counties. The use, it's commonly put to, is in mending the tin furnaces and the fire places of the fire-engines; for which 'tis very proper. The sort, I have chiefly tried, is what is got from the side of Tregonnin hill, where there are several pits of it. As the stone hath a pretty large quantity of Caulin in it, so the Caulin hath a large mixture of the same

sort of gravel as enters into the composition of the stone. It contains, besides, Mica in abundance.

In order to prepare the Caulin for Porcelain, nothing more is necessary, but pouring a large quantity of water on it, so that it may not, when dissolved, be of so thick a consistence as to suspend the Mica. Let it settle about ten minutes, and pour off the dissolved clay into another vessel. Let it settle, pour off the water, and dry it. I would observe here, that care ought to be taken about the water used in washing off both the Petunse and Caulin. It ought to be pure, without any metallic or calcareous mixture. Our rivers, in the West, afford excellent water for this purpose, as they arise, the most of them, and run through a granite country. The Caulin of Tregonnin hill is very unvitrifiable, and exceedingly apt to take stains from the fire. I know no way to burn it clean, but the following. Form it into cakes of the thickness of two or three crown-pieces; and beat some of the stone to a very coarse powder; cover the bottom of the crucible with this powder; then, put in a cake of the Caulin; cover this, the thickness of one third of an inch, with the powder of stone; fill the crucible in this way; ending with a layer of the stone; cover the crucible; and treat it, as in the process for melting the stone before described. If the stone is burned to purity, the Caulin will be as white as snow. If but partially calcined, so far as the stone is pure, the Caulin will be so. And when that is of a dirty colour, the Caulin will be of the same hue.

I have lately discovered that, in the neighbourhood

of the parish of St. Stephens in Cornwall, there are immense quantities both of the Petunse stone and the Caulin, and which, I believe, may be more commodiously and advantageously wrought than those of Tregonnin hill; as, by the experiments I have made on them, they produce a much whiter body, and do not shrink so much, by far, in baking, nor take stains so readily from the fire. Tregonnin hill is about a mile from Godolphin house, between Helston and Penzance. St. Stephens lies between Truro, St. Austell and St. Columb; and the parish of Dennis, the next to St. Stephens, I believe, hath both the ingredients, in plenty, in it. I know of two quarries of the stone; one is just above St. Stephens; the other is called Caluggus, somewhat more than a mile from it, and appears to be the finer stone.

Having given this sketch of the Natural History of the materials, 'tis needless to say much about the composition. Pottery being, at present, in great perfection in England, our Potter's mills prepare the Petunse much better than Stamping mills, and excuse one from the trouble of washing it off; it being fit to be used, as it comes from the mill. I would further observe that the Mills should be made of the Petunse granite; it being obvious that, in grinding, some of the mill-stones must wear off and mix with the Petunse. If those stones should be of a nature disagreeable to the body, this mixture must, in some degree, be hurtful to it; whereas, whatever wears off from mill-stones of the same stone, cannot be so in the least degree. I have generally mixed about

equal parts of the washed Caulin and Petunse for the composition of the body; which, when burnt, is very white and sufficiently transparent. The Caulin of St. Stephens burns to a degree of transparency, without the addition of Petunse. The materials, from this place, make a body much whiter than the Asiatic, and, I think, full as white as the ancient Chinaware, or that of Dresden.

The stones, I have hitherto used for glazing, are those with the green spots of Tregonnin hill. These, barely ground fine, make a good glaze. If 'tis wanted softer, vitrescent materials must be added. The best, I have tried, are those said to be used by the Chinese, viz. lime and fern-ashes, prepared as follows.

The lime is to be slaked by water, and sifted. One part of this, by measure, is to be mixed with twice its quantity of fern-ashes, and calcined together in an iron pot; the fire to be raised till the matter is red hot. It should not melt; and, for that reason, should be kept continually stirred. When it sinks in the pot, and grows of a light ash colour, 'tis done. It, then, must be levigated, in the Potter's mill, to perfect smoothness. It may be used in the proportion of one part to ten, and so on to fifteen or twenty of the stone, as shall be found necessary. We found one to fifteen of the stone, a very suitable proportion. Our manner of mixing was to dilute both the stones and the ashes to a proper degree for dipping; and then, to mix them, as above. On mixing, the whole grows thicker. If 'tis too thick for dipping, more water

must be added. Our method of dipping was just the same as is used by the Delft-ware people. We first baked our ware to a soft biscuit, which would suck; then, painted it with blue, and dipped them with the same ease; and the glazing grows hard and dry, as soon as it does in the Delft-ware. Large vessels may be dipped raw, as the Chinese are said to do it. But the proper thickness of the glaze is not so easily distinguished this way, as when the ware is biscuited; for, the raw body being of the same colour and consistence with the glaze, when the latter is dry, 'tis hardly possible to determine the limits of either; a thing very easy to be done, when the body is hardened by biscuiting. Our Chinaware makers, in general, deny it to be possible, to glaze on a raw body, or soft biscuit. And so it is, with their glaze; which, abounding in lead and other fluxing materials, melts soon and runs thin, and, melting before the body closes, penetrates it and is lost in the body: whereas our stone is almost as hard to melt, as the body is to close, and, not melting thin, neither runs, nor penetrates the body. I insist on the truth of this observation; and 'tis necessary to be insisted on, as scarcely any of our potters, misled by too slavish a dependence on their own partial experience, will allow it. I have said above, that the Jesuits observe that the Chinese paint and glaze their ware on the raw body. I know, this can be done, for I have done it; and so may any one else, who pleases to try it. I have, now by me, the bottom of a Chinese punch bowl, which was plainly glazed, when it was raw or a

soft biscuit; for the ware wants a great deal of being burnt; it being of the colour of coarse whited brown paper. But the same body, when exposed to a proper degree of fire, turns to a China ware of a very good colour: a demonstration, that it had not, as our ware in England hath, the great fire before the glaze was laid on. I don't point out the advantages of painting and glazing on a soft biscuit, as they are very obvious to any one, ever so little used to pottery.

In regard to burning, I have to remark, that, by all the experiments we have made, the North of England kilns, where the fire is applied in mouths on the outside of the kiln, and the fuel is coal, will not do for our body, at least when it is composed of the materials of Tregonnin hill.

In those kilns, especially, when bags are used, there is no passage of air through the middle of the kiln; and a vapour, in spite of all the care that can be taken, will either transpire through the bags, or be reflected from the crown which will smoke and spoil our ware, though it doth not appear to affect other compositions. How true this remark may be, with regard to the St. Stephens' materials, I cannot determine, as they have not yet been tried in a kiln. The only furnace or kiln, which we have tried with any degree of success, is the kiln used by the potters, who make brown stone. It is called the 36 hole kiln. Wood is the fuel used in it. They burn billets before and under it, where there is an oven or arch pierced by 36 holes, through which the flame ascends into the chamber which contains the

ware, and goes out at as many holes of the same dimensions in the crown of the furnace. The safe-guards, at bottom, stand on knobs of clay, which won't melt, about two inches square and two inches and a half or three inches high; by which means, more of the holes are stopped by the bottoms of the safeguards, but the air and flame freely ascends and plays round every safeguard; by which means those tingeing vapours, which have given us so much trouble, are kept in continual motion upward, and hindered from penetrating and staining the ware.

Experience must determine the best form and way of using this kiln. 'Tis the only desideratum wanting to the bringing of the Manufacture of Porcelain, equal to any in the world, to perfection in England.

Caulin pipe clay and a coarse unvitrifiable sand make excellent safeguards.

THE END.

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